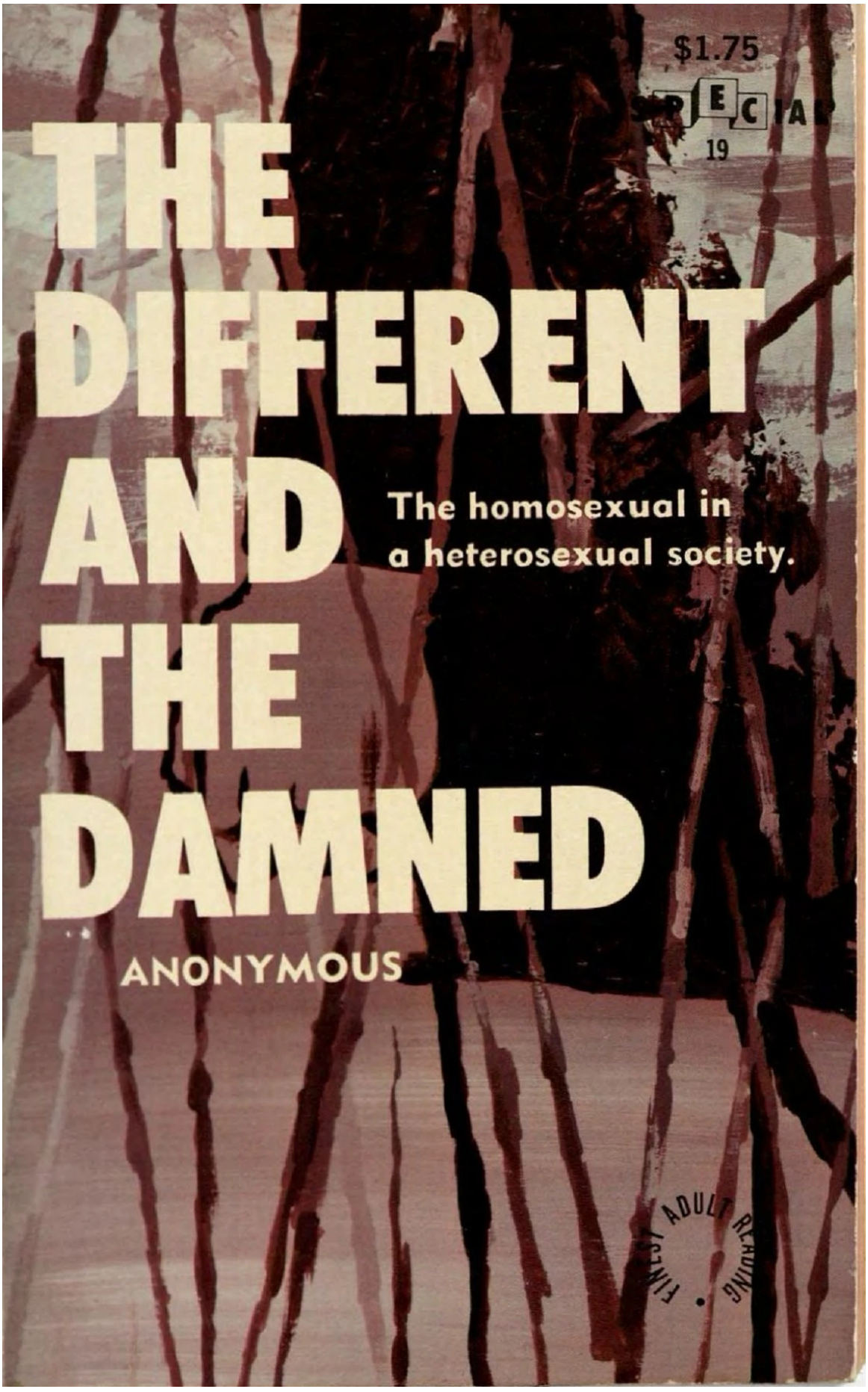
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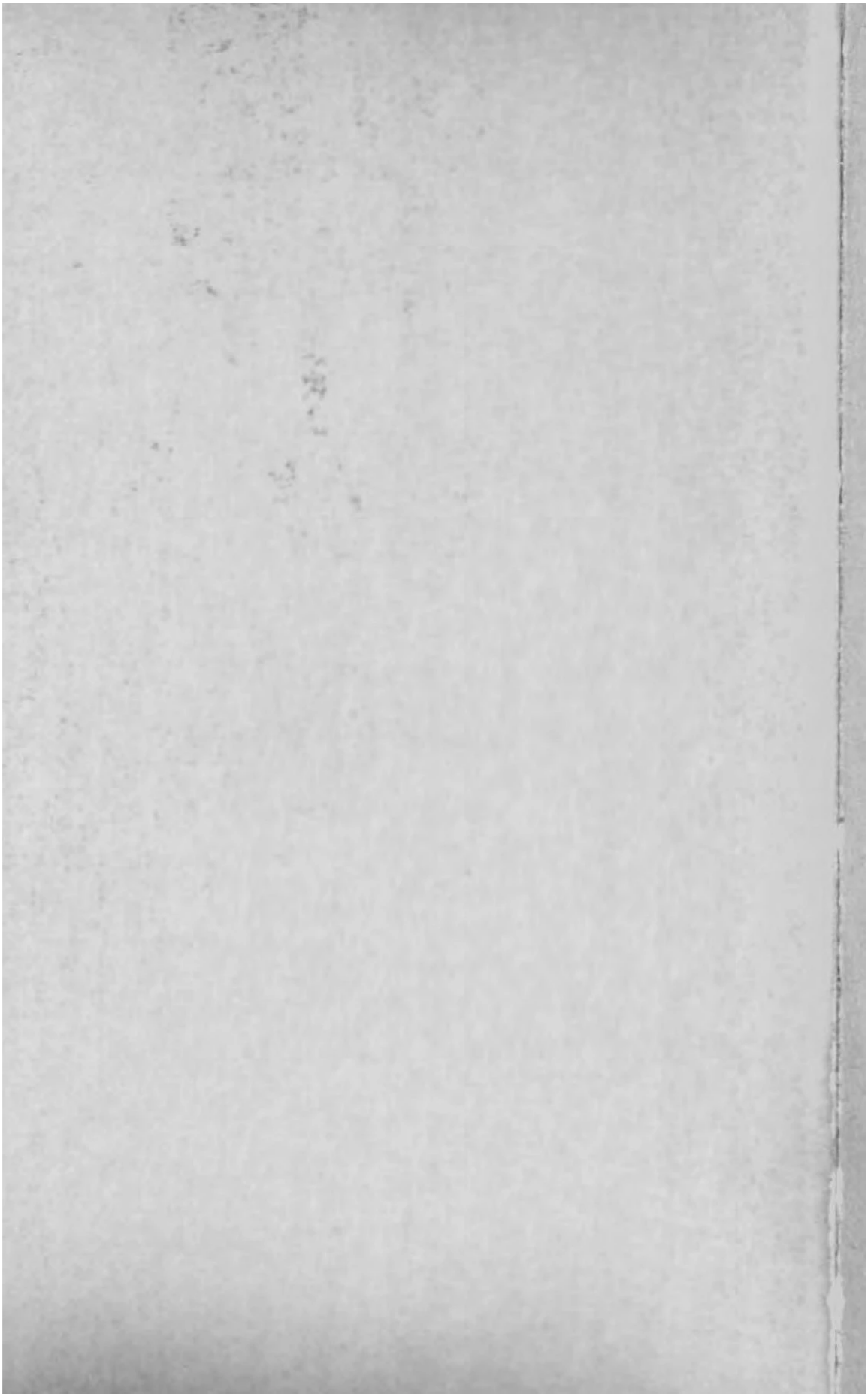

THE DIFFERENT AND THE DAMNED

The homosexual in a heterosexual society.

Anonymous

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PREFACE

Some years ago a comprehensive survey was conducted by a responsible group of scientists into the sexual habits and tastes of modern men. The results indicated that approximately one out of each eleven adult males was a full-time or part-time homosexual. Nine percent, 90 out of each thousand of our population, 90,000 of each million were either practicing homosexuals or had had satisfactory homosexual experiences in the past.

There were no earlier statistics to prove a corollary, that this number represents a definite increase over the proportion of homosexuals in the population in former decades. The consensus definitely favored such an increase, however. Some scientists questioned the validity of this survey and had to be shown the field work of the interviewers before they would accept the results. Once their challenges were met with the statistical details, however, their reaction was almost invariably the same:

"My Lord, I had no idea there were so many of them!"

(In some cases, the reaction was: "I had no idea there were so many of *us*.")

One thing is clear: homosexuality is far more common than most people realize. And a second (and far more significant) result—although not rigorously demonstrated—is that the number of homosexuals is increasing—at a significantly more rapid rate than the increase in population.

The same survey indicated that homosexuals are more frequently encountered in certain occupations. By and large, these include (1) the arts—painters, sculptors, composers, writers, choreographers—the truly creative members of our society, also (2) the dealers in beauty—commercial artists, musicians, singers, dancers, actors—and (3) the personal service categories—the hair-dressers, the fashion designers, the florists,

and dancing and modelling teachers, and (4) the learned professions.

Homosexuals seem to gravitate by nature to those occupations involving more acute sensibilities, toward those dealing with people rather than insensate things, and especially to those with a premium on creativity and introspection. Thus it would appear that homosexuals have a particular aptitude for the fields most likely to produce advances in the art of living.

This book, a completely sincere and brutally candid first-person account of the problems and prejudices a homosexual encounters, provides a thought-provoking view of the heterosexual world as viewed by an intelligent, sensitive, and articulate homosexual.

The author reveals the events in his boyhood that led him to his first homosexual experience. He tells of his years in the service during World War Two in the South Pacific Theater. He tells of his post-war experiences as a commercial artist in a large U. S. city.

Following the autobiography, the author presents a thoughtful analysis and a plausible hypothesis regarding the homosexual's role in our society—a *raison d'etre* that might well be the subject of further study by qualified sociologists.

THE EDITORS

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

I have read to my own distraction many books and articles concerning those Americans of the minority groups who have cried their grievances to the high heavens. The homeless, the deprived, the sit-in, the love-in, the right for this, the right for that, freedom of sex, lawful abortion, legal narcotics, freedom of religion or no religion at all, free love, and a hundred more I can name—all seemingly involving groups whose members are healthy-minded heterosexual Americans!

Such poor souls . . . these!

What grievances! How unjust has mankind been to mankind! How they have cut and slashed with their social daggers, their unkind caste systems, their color barriers, their invisible standards, their unwritten laws! And many, in truth *are* to be pitied. Others are to be deplored. But what about the American homosexual?

He is ostracized by the very groups that protest their own ostracism by the rest of society.

The insatiable hunger of human striving, it seems, would have it so, to cut them out of their numbers like raging stallions that cut out the lame and the weak from their herds. By shearing away the unfit and the miserable, they seek to bring about a heritage of beauty and intelligence. They feel that something precious can be added, to approach more closely the perfect being, the normal being, flawless, without the old physical abnormalties of his distant ancestors.

The homosexual, being what he is by no choice of his own, by no wisdom or no ignorance that is his, lives in the feeble hope that he can—among the normals—find his meaning and his destiny, or there will be only the folly and futility of his existence among the seemingly endless hordes of his own kind. He seeks bliss in a lifelong search and, in finding it, finds holy terror.

There is no greater persecution known to man than this. And if he is an American then he suffers twicefold for his malady. He is a sick

man—yes! But that sickness derives, not from being a homosexual, but from being constantly harassed by his normal brother. And in this persecution, knowing with an awesome awareness that he is being driven into oblivion by his brother, cut from the race, he survives! He survives fluently and abundantly, for in the struggle to live is there the will to survive. He survives indeed, pulsingly sentient, violent in his eagerness, immeasurably swift in his superficial dance, his insatiable caprice, and all the while hungrily unaware of what he is bringing upon himself, his personal life, the chronicle created during his cycle, his highest goal of all—the man that is to come.

The monster Frankenstein created through his anarchic determination to survive.

I know. I am one of the monsters! I am one of these freakish creatures, one more unwanted bioplague which is sweeping America like a germ infested tidal wave, terrifying little innocent children, imposing my presence upon decent citizens, insulting humanity by my insistence on breathing the same pure air they breathe, profaning man by speaking to him in public, contaminating the ground upon which normal people walk, polluting the environment of their healthy, immaculate, normal world! I embarrass them. I make them feel uncomfortable. I deprive them of their normal rights. I force them to detour in all

kinds of inconvenient labyrinths in order to steer clear of my unwholesome presence. I insist on working on the same jobs with them, even taking up their professions, at times succeeding. I inflict my personality on theirs while they are engaged in conversations. I integrate with them, attend their movie houses, their cocktail lounges, their stadiums, their swimming pools, their elite country clubs, their luxurious dining rooms. I even am so bold as to sit beside them in their churches, and am guilty of the most horrid offense ... I dare to worship their God!

Monster that I am, an alien to their aristocratic society, I brave to go among them, pretend to be one of them, imagine myself—during weaker moments—to be as human as they. I realize this is unsound reasoning on my part, an exile in a world amidst my betters, taking on a human mask, disguising my voice, my manners to match theirs, assuming the air of importance they manifest profoundly, acting out a role I am unfit to play, a monster in a human world. So they tell me and have told me at a thousand places and in a thousand thousand ways by their degrading eyes, their aloofness, and above all else their silence.

To be different is to be damned, the unpardonable sin in any society, and my unmistakable guilt is a thing I must carry with me day after day. A guilt of birth, from birth. Yet it is mine

like a hideous growth I cannot hide from the public eye, least of all from myself, its ugliness thrust before me during my every waking hour, and in my dreams and in my nightmares.

It is there, unwelcome, because the normal world has put it there like a brand, a scar, something to remind me, and then, of my terrible, unhealing malady. It is like a bell which rings automatically when I get too close to them, to tell me I must move away.

Or worse, it is like a terrible yoke, the welded collar of a slave to be worn publicly forever, its hard metal chafing, digging wounds into my heart, my very soul. I cannot escape it ever. You are mindful of it, constantly. And at the very moment you think they have forgotten, have gone out to the end of the little slack in your leash, that is the very moment they will jerk you back to reprimand you, bring you to your knees, obedient to their staid discipline, their rigid laws.

You live under this yoke of tyranny day after day, month after month, year after year, from adolescence to your present hour, forced to live by their rules, their laws, their demanding cults. There is no rest in this swift impetus with life, no safe place to sit quietly and meditate, no alcove to which you can run and hide and be yourself, even for a little while. It is like a fierce music you hear over and over, a staggering, tren-

chant march whose cadence you are forced to pace precisely, step by step, onward and onward, never a second to relax, never one hour to drop out from the long endless line they have created and try and find yourself, to call back that inner something you cling to desperately but fear you have lost somewhere far back on the long road, for they own even your mind. They have taken that too.

They own and possess you with a tyranny impossible to bear. Yet, they equally loathe and despise you. They cut you out of their numbers with uncaring disregard as when a reaper cuts weeds from grain. If you have spunk you will lie for awhile and hurt while your wounds bleed, then when they are gone, you will attempt to rise again and pick up the broken pieces of your life and try to mend it. If you are brave, you will go on somehow, and you will pretend the broken places are as good as new, that you are stronger by the breaks, that you are more determined to succeed afterwards. And while that strength is building within you, preparing you to face and endure them again, they are out there waiting to ruin you again and again and again.

They can ruin you so easily. They have so many tricks up their normal sleeves: a look is enough, a whisper, a cold shoulder. They have been taught these admirable qualities from those who came up before them, generation upon gen-

eration, until that preparedness is like a thing branded into their souls, etched in the memory that is themselves, as if a great lesson had been taught, and this lesson is an inherited quality bred into their natures, a fierce lesson they will never forget, like an old family fraud that is being constantly refought among the newer generations coming up. They have been taught to hate all things that do not appear normal and to them, what is not normal is unclean, profane, repulsive.

They have been brainwashed since infancy, from generation to generation. It is drilled in them in school and in college. It is sung in church, it is whispered at all social functions at all social levels, and it is placed before them in every phase of their everyday working life, the office, the clinic, the department stores, the highways, the places of entertainment and amusement. They are told repeatedly that to be abnormal is blasphemous in the eyes of God, and this confirmed hundreds of times in the old testament: one must be fruitful and multiply, it is far better to put the sperm in the belly of a whore than on the ground.

Abnormality in any form is taboo, disgraceful. So rather suffer the embarrassment than face banishment from their normal society. It is better, they consider, to be normal and unhappy than abnormal and disgraced. The more their

laws are imposed upon them, the harder they are to my kind. It is an outlet for their eternal rebellion. Too, it confirms their faith.

Of course, the normal ones never considered that Jesus had a word in defense of the homosexual, or if they did, they never bothered to pursue it. Jesus at the well, was answering the questions of the derelicts, the mixed up, angry young men of his time. He could have meant homosexuals, when he said: "If you are not like them, then leave them alone, for they cannot help the way they are."

Surely He well understood the malady of the homosexual, and sympathized although a Jew, a sect that placed the highest premium on procreation, pronounced a death sentence if a man was caught in a homosexual act, and banished any member for masturbation, or even to arouse himself sexually. Despite these cruel laws He sensed (He knew) that such men were born as they were.

Surely we are what we are from the beginning. And I sincerely believe (and have long believed) that all passions of the flesh are but instinctive calls over which we have no control, and that if God had not intended that we have them then He would have created us without them.

Whether God has created man or demon, a Ghoul or an Afreet, a Tisiphone or a Psyche, we are here from birth. We are here to stay.

This brings me to the purpose of this narrative. Many writers have exploited the life of the American homosexual. They have made them witty, feminine, demure, malicious, guilty of charades, and delightful with caprice. They have spun yarns impossible for even the most confirmed homosexual to believe, have created situations cross-grain to the human anatomy, cruel beyond self-restraint, almost deplorable. Their books have sung and wept and screamed and they have been both sad and gay. Too, they have been products aimed at self-pity, and worst of all, life story accounts that sicken even the brothers of their kind, not to mention the normals who by accident might have purchased a copy and suffered through it. A painting in terms of graphic hideousness ... to the normals ... rather than a true picture whereby the normal may reach a figment of understanding, and through this understanding adapt a means of compromise, an allegiance where brothers of every sect and creed can exist together as free men.

This I hope to achieve in this volume, borrowing none, a book for the normals and not primarily for the homosexual. I intend to accomplish this by giving this narrative an unexpected turn: the homosexual looking out on the normal world, rather than the normal looking in on the homosexual.

Like the old western movies, when you saw only the opinions and beliefs of the white man, the hero on the white horse of ideals, and not the Indians' point of view, here, the normal will get the chance to see himself through the eyes of the homosexual, as through a glass mirror darkly!

So for the sake of science, I shall refer to the normals as humanoids, and the homosexuals at demonoids, and I will dispense with the tired old classic words: homosexual, queer, fruit, gay ... and the straights.

So humanoids . . . you're on the hot-seat!

Chapter One

I was born and reared in a small southern town of about three hundred. There is no point in giving its name, for there are numerous towns scattered throughout the south eastern states exactly like this one: a town square, a columned courthouse, a statue of a Confederate soldier, a post office, a citizen's bank, a drug store, a clinic, a grocery store, a beauty salon and barber shop, a grammar school and high school combined, an agricultural college, two churches, tree-lined streets, middle class dwellings, fields, orchards, and gardens with many country flowers ... a lovely place to grow up in.

I was reared on a farm, in an ante-bellum home built around 1830 with fluted columns and an upper gallery, though my father was not a farmer. There were spreading fields, woods, a lake, and a paddock filled with horses, so I spent the greater part of my childhood in the open, under the hot sun, swimming, riding, tusseling with my three brothers. I was possessed with abundant health and energy, though small of stature (five foot three) and weighing only one hundred and twenty five pounds, and I lacked none of the essentials demanded of young manhood. Wilful, lusty with life, hungry for the taste of it, curious about people and of nature, I enjoyed to the full those country-bred years, years of innocence and peace, crammed with idealistic good times, an era of modest ways and simple homespun attitudes I was brought up clean of mind and body, attended church regularly, excelled in school, went out for football for two consecutive seasons, track and steeplechase, and I became an excellent swimmer. Also I was an apt hand at breaking horses. My teenage years tolerated no softness, nor any slack in my blossoming masculinity. Dark, wiry and hard, with a thick head of chestnut colored hair, ash-blue eyes, I was country reared and country fed, lithe and graceful, independent, superior, in fact a little haughty.

Haughtiness is the true mark of the male, that

cock-sureness, that swift dance of emotion and passion. I was haughty then, wild and fanciful in my orientation with life, my youth. I had no worry or care, and I basked in the realization that tomorrow I would enjoy the same kind of happiness today had brought. There was no one to tell me that the human race was split in two—humanoids and demonoids. I doubt if I would have believed anyone telling me of this fact. My knowledge was scant because country reared people of all times, even now, and especially in the south, are ignorant of worldly ways and the passions; they believe that the cleaner you live and the healthier you are, the more maddening is desire when it comes. I was no exception. Oh, at school I had heard tales from other boys of wild revelries that went on somewhere, of passions equal in suddeness and force but different in quality. I wanted none of them.

My passion, no less intense, was for freedom not surfdom, for the wood-track, for green places where feet scudded softly, where eager eyes peered out on adventurous lives in tree-tops or down in the moss, but not in dingy hotel rooms, in the back seat of cars, or in hidden alcoves.

I was somewhat fascinated by perverted sex, drawn to confide in its mysteries. Also, I was instinctively conjured by the lure of the opposite sex. But again, I wanted none of them. I had no room in my heart then for either whether or not

I might find room later. I had room only for my ambitious joys in freedom, and for my eager, quickly growing self. For like my mother, I had the countrified egoism that is more selfless than most people's altruism.

Despite my yearning for the unfenced wilds, the outdoors, I found time to read and paint, my second loves, and I thrived on the adventure tales of Hugo Gernsback, thrilled to stories about Ralph 124C41 and Amazing Stories, and the wonderful books by John Fox: The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, The Heart Of The Hills, The Trail Of The Lonesome Pine, and others. My heroes then (in the late thirties) were Tarzan, Buck Jones, Flash Gordon, Gene Autry, The Phantom, Doc Savage, Buck Rogers, and later Roy Rogers. Later still I added to my hero collection Alexander the Great (one of my demonoid brothers I was later to learn) and Christ, the all time great.

Then, geared to the simple life on the farm, I was automatically awed by anything that glittered, that dazzled my senses and the silver screen became one of my most cherished mediums. Heroes like Valentino and John Gilbert topped my list, and I leaned in time to the admiration of the male, the swash-buckler, the athletic gods, the thrill seekers, the pirate, the handsome gangster, the men who led and influenced the hordes, men like Jesus and Law-

rence of Arabia. I had high hopes in human nature in those peaceful, simple times, all the grand and despairing illusions of life in front of me and, robust with good health and good looks, I faced life and the world like an eagle facing a mountain.

I never suspected that I was different than my brothers of the flesh, and if I sensed something of a difference I obviously at the time was too proud and vain to admit it. But, though my skin was not becoming covered with scales or hideous monster hair, though fangs did not protrude from my top lip, though my fingernails did not develop into claws, though the flesh of the dead was not being grafted to my own flesh—as in the tale of Frankenstein's monster—I was unknowingly becoming one of the demonoids. It was there within me. Like an awesome, but beautiful seed it was there, growing, blossoming into a gorgeous flower of desire.

And like all demonoids, my one thirst was seeking out the beautiful young males among the humanoids. And seducing them!

I longed to lie in the hollow of their beautiful limbs and to suck out the nectar of their organs, to prostrate myself before their mightiness, like a lap dog licking the wounds of its master.

And how they adored it! How the young humanoids reveled in the flattery of knowing they were wanted, admired by another male, a de-

monoid. How easily they could be lured, by whispering words of flattery, by coquetry, by every cliche in the book. It fed their inflated egoes no end, pumped them with the superiority they needed and lent to their already overbearing natures the tyranny they exercised over the demonoid world.

Strange, and almost ironic, how they could be lured into the enemy's camp, made love to, stripped of their lust, drained of their sap, willingly—almost forgivingly—then return to their own camps and suddenly and maliciously grown cold, aloof, and hateful.

Stranger still, they would willingly allow their bodies to be fondled, taken, drained of the most precious thing they could give and then afterwards beat their paramours into submission. As one demonoid said to me years later: "At that moment, when you are between their legs, you are nearer death than at any other time in your life." For a sexual climax seems always to bring hostility and usually in its worst form. Like the centaurs of old mythology who lusted after human females, so do we—the demonoids—crave the passions in that humanoid world. And somehow we are born possessing some strange power of seduction. We are gifted with a sensuous magnetism which is effective on some of the most obstinate humanoids, cajoling them into the realm of our spell, however momentarily, and we

have been known to cull out the male virgins among their species and recruit them for our purposes. Sometimes they, too, become demonoids, especially if they are very young and impressionable. But more likely, once they reach maturity, they go back to their own kind. What a joy it is to possess one of the recruits, to have him completely, profoundly for your very own during his short sojourn with you. When he has surrendered to your special magic, you possess him all the more deliciously for you realize you will lose him. And when he does, at last go back to his own humanoid environment and you have lost him completely, you realize with pride, perhaps false pride, that because of your magical recruiting powers he has a different viewpoint of the demonoid unlike that of his brothers. There will be a certain feeling of compromise he will have about us, a certain allegiance, and he will not hate us, nor deplore us, nor condemn us as do his fellows, but he will never be one of us.

These we feel we have softened a little. Without a feeling of hostility for us, as they are scattered throughout the vast numbers of their own kind, we hope they will spread the word, broaden the minds and the outlook of the others, instill within their natures some morsel of tolerance.

The first humanoid of this nature ventured over to my side when I was in the ninth grade. I

realized I was different and I was curious about my unnatural desires, my constant admiration of the male, I did not grasp to the full that I was a full fledged demonoid. I merely considered my malady a kind of growing up, comparing the beautiful young boys of my age to my numerous heroes of the day.

He was in the twelth grade and captain of the football team. He weighed around a hundred and eighty pounds without one pound of fat and this weight was spread evenly throughout his derrick-like frame. He had a riot of soft blond curls on his head and these stubbornly fell down over cornflower blue eyes. His smooth white flawless skin, had a velvet texture any woman would have envied. He looked like the marble statue of Apollo Belvedere, and there was a softness about his virile masculinity similar to that certain softness that goes with the ferocity in the panther. Lithe, majestic, he towered over the other players like a god, and he was constantly being pursued by every girl in school.

Though his popularity did not increase my admiration for him, it did provide an awesome challenge. I had an almost despairing thought of defeat in the competition, but I took my moments with him, devouring his nakedness after the daily football practice when everyone on the team showered in a little corrugated tin building at the edge of the field. It was during this season

of my young, curious youth that I began to notice my difference. The other boys did not appear affected in any way by his naked body unhusked in their presence, and this worried me a great deal.

At no time during life does man desire to be normal more than at sixteen. That is the "in between age" and he is deeply aware of the impression he makes in the eyes of others. So, when I tried to drag my gaze from the naked boy in the showers I was only fighting this strange something within me I realized was not "normal." Further still, I knew I wanted more from this handsome boy than just to see his body undraped, his huge organ hanging like exotic fruit. I longed to taste the fruit like the hateful little foxes in the old testament. I longed to siphon out his strength through that magnificient organ, and suck as a child at its mother's breast. I had dreams of doing this, and it was during my terrible "crush" on this boy that I suppose I really began to sprout the invisible fangs and claws of the demonoid. I wanted that boy's body as a living toy for my pleasure, and it gnawed on my mind during my every waking hour and many times in my dreams.

The sight of that boy under the shower in reality and in my day-dreams, caused wayward moods of passion I could not control, and pos-

sessed me with a living, volatile flame I could not quench, did not want to quench, and it maddened me almost to the point of desperation to think that I might never have him.

He seemed like something grand and magnificient just beyond my reach, an untouchable object that might vanish if I approached. So rather than have him vanish, I kept my distance. I did not realize then or for a long time after that this is the manifestion, the character of all demonoids in relation to the humanoid figure—distant admiration, silent adoration.

Late one afternoon I lingered in the showers. The boy was talking to the coach on the other side of the field, going over a series of new plays, and I knew he would come for his shower once their conversation was over. Over the long, anxious weeks, I had steeled myself for such a moment, a moment destined for me. I felt it in the fall air, in my blood, in the amorous heat which welled up in my own body which had risen almost to a climax each time I devoured him with my gaze, and had ebbed to despair when, fitfully, I knew I would never have him . . . as I willed to have him, urged it on my own personality. I must, I thought, but I knew that I could not. There was something wrong somewhere, within me, my strange, unyielding desire. I knew I was at fault. He could never be. He was perfect. To the pure in heart everything is pure, and I was

pure then, physically and mentally, untried. So was he, I felt. Or so I wanted to believe. My ambitions for wanting him soared that much. I wanted him without anyone else having him, even a girl!

Finally he came in, stripped, made some light joke (he was filled with humor) and slipped under the shower. I lingered, wiping my body, busied myself combing my dark thick hair, taking stolen glances at him through the little cracked mirror on the wall. I trembled like a thief. Coming out of the shower, his eyes closed, his hands groping, he asked me to hand him a towel. Quickly snatching a clean one from a peg (I would have gladly died for him), I stepped over a puddle of water in a crude depression in the concrete and, as I did so, I dared to do an unheard of thing. I let my hand sweep past his organ close enough to feel the warm touch. That was enough, a mere touch. My knees buckled. Flame shot through my every vein. He opened his eyes and looked at me—a long, thoughtful look. They were wild like a cat's, their pale blue depths piercing me, stabbing me with such intensity that I wanted to faint. And there was suddenly about his bland face, about his smile that instantly appeared, a know-it-all expression that seized me, terrorized me. Ashamed, as if I had committed some terrible crime, I wanted to run, to hide in the darkness so that I could not see

his eyes—wanton eyes, although I did not know it then for I could not read the signs.

But before I could do anything, even move my rigid frame, he swept me into his arms, and bending over, kissed me full upon the mouth. I melted. All my impossible dreams came true. I was his. He could have raised both hands to strike, to crush me into the hard concrete flooring, but I would not have budged. His soft tongue parted my teeth and, suddenly, there was a wonderous ringing in my ears, an atonal humming like the roaring sounds of a sea shell, and I responded with everything I had. He was treating me like a girl and I had the sudden revelation that I was born for this, that this declaration was the sum total of my strangeness, my vast difference from other boys my age and older. I knew, thrillingly, that he, this handsome boy holding me warmly, making love to me, had been lured to me by that same strangeness that something in me had provoked a corresponding something in him and had triggered his passion. For the first time as long as I could remember, I felt free, thrillingly alive. I felt I had found a comrade in my strange alien world. I felt he was one of my kind, molded to the same swift passions as I, that he had been born as I had been born. I did not know then, as I knew later, that he was in reality a humanoid, and that I had conjured him into this passionate allegiance,

that I had charmed him into wanting me, that I was but a foil for his real wants, a poor substitute.

I was a demonoid, therefore below him, inferior. And my role with him was only to sacrifice my body, my will, for his passion, a fillip for his sexual craving. And that I would never be more than that . . . to any humanoid . . . to any man.

That magical evening he drove me to Hoover Lake in his little cut-down roadster, and he made love to me in the secret shadows of a mosshung live oak, on the soft velvet moss I remember to this day. I remember too the sharp pain of it, the wonderful weight of his body on mine, his touch, the wild thrill of knowing that he was taking me, using me to slake his own bodily thirst, wounding me internally and mentally as his enormous organ ploughed its desperate way frantically into my young, surrendering body.

I became bound on the altar of his sexual manipulations after that wild, glorious night in which my own passions had wallowed. I became his, wholly divinely. I longed to share my life with him, to sleep in his bed, to do things for him. He became idealistically essential to me. He was my bread of life which I consumed like a hungry elf, nibbling at his wondrous body with spirited malfeasance. I owned him, I thought, as surely he owned me. And I was his, and when-

ever and as often as he wanted me. I lived in holy ecstasy. I worshipped him. My life's goal was in giving him pleasure.

"You should have been a girl," he said to me one night as we sat in his little roadster under the moonlight and he held me in his arms. "Makes me get up a hard everytime I look at you."

I thrived on those words, and others like them. Though I did not look girlish, and was not feminine (I'm still not) I was very small in comparison to other boys my age, and I suppose my size was the key which won him to me. He would deliberately cuddle me and fondle me as I had seen him do with girls, and this gave me much pleasure. I don't know why. Being preferred to real girls! I think it lent me a degree of absolute sureness, assured me of my hold on him, awakened my heart that he wanted me, my body, and I thought . . . surely I thought . . . he loved me as I loved him. I did not stop to analyze, and I was too callow, too inexperienced then to pursue the abstraction that he was an alien, a humanoid, and that I was of another "race." He and I were as different from one another as if I had come from another planet, and had allowed him to play out his passionate role with me—but momentarily.

But, God, how I loved him then! Fresh, a novice, curious, eager, clean as only youth can

be, and wild enough to pursue, to take chances, I lived with him in a world bordering on rapture.

On that little patch of ground, in those dingy red brick buildings that constituted both grammar and high schools, on the football field, in the gym, the tin shower hut, I discovered the garden of Eden. As far as I was concerned we were the only two people on earth. And we enjoyed one another like beings sentenced to some awesome fate, and we drew on the hours we had left desperately, frantically. Paris and Helen, descending to the underworld.

He took me almost nightly in his car, on some lonely out-of-the-way road, beside the lake, sometimes on week-ends in a delapidated tourist camp on the highway leading to the Capitol. Each time he took me, had his masculine way with me, burning me with ingurgitating pain, he was doing no more than completing to the ultimate my malady, molding as did Dr. Frankenstein with his inhuman creature, the gloss, the lacquered surface of the demonoid creature I was to become, had already become. And the ironic thing about the whole transformation was that I could not help being transformed, nor did I blame him for his imperious creation. He, whom I loved to distraction, made me what I was or rather, awakened me to what I was. I was a helpless bit of flesh and fancy under his powerful

beauty, his power. I could no more help myself bound on an altar older than mythology than the slaves bound for sacrifice on the old Druid altars. What I had done with him and what I had become, was in me from the beginning, from the moment I came forth from my mother's womb. This account may seem to many, especially to humanoids, an occasion for incalculable fury and violence—which in part it was: his fury upon my utter helplessness—of monstrous and purposeless anarchy. But actually, and especially to me, there was neither anger nor lawlessness in its frightening thunder or on the vast quiet prairies of its glory.

There was only, in my small hungry body, a virile and immeasurable energy making a home for the seed of love. In the hot dancing harmonies, his power radiated over me and the spectrum included every form of beauty, every ideal, every thought from every creature—worm to man—and every revelation and dream that was to have meaning and destiny in my future. Man—the humanoid—the hero of my story, my football Adonis was already deep in the boiling inferno of my being, under the blanket of fog that was my body, and every part of me was alive and vibrant in its own rhythm. I felt a great pulse, a throbbing heart, indestructible and eternal ... the very core of every demonoid's existence, his purpose for being (and he does

have a purpose in this world, for why else would he have been created?).

We are, at most, a cycle of changes, the simple or complex variants of our own energy, with the fixed periphery of our souls. And demonoids do have souls!

So, as I felt the sudden explosions of flame within my body when this boy tapped me, the deep rumblings, the folding of my nature under the pressure, the opening of abysses into which his sperm spilled, and the sound of deep fires, the seed was being implanted, the terrible dark seed of the demonoid-god.

There were quiet moments too that he gave me. Moments of joy and beauty mingled with sadness and a premonition of loneliness which was to come later. In his loving he teased, made light jokes, calmed our passion with a peck on the cheek or a casual spoken word.

"You're a flower! You're a bird! You're a butterfly!" he would say, too much in love with me I thought to be original. And I would laugh, too gay and happy to be critical. I knew I looked almost beautiful then as all people look who are deeply in love, for I did have magnetism, as he divined, and all my magnetism was alight in those peaceful days. My love for him beautified me as a veil which often beautifies a plain woman. It gave me magic and romance, which all too soon would expire, and it set roses in my

cheeks like a girl's, and blue lights in my eyes, and made me smile up at him, sweet and lavish with praise.

For to me then, so callow, so countrified, who knew nothing of either God or my fellows except the harsh things I had watched the meaner boys do at school, this body became to me as a god within him. To sit and look at him was heaven. To hear his voice was health and joy. To suffer for him, under the yoke of his dark passion, was, all unknown to myself then, the ultimate purpose of my life.

A life too soon shattered, deprived of dreams.

My curious youth employed my mind to explore further. I thought: if he did these things, liked them, then surely he and I were not the only two in the world like this. I began to watch other boys. I took mental notes about the way they behaved when only two were together. I began to pair them off. I never thought to question my Adonis about such matters, for we never discussed our relationship. It was all too automatic. We acted out our sex roles usually in silence. Words were purposeless, saltless food.

I had noticed another boy eying me repeatedly. He was a senior, dark, animal-like, cocky, a trouble-maker. Though he was from one of the older, finer southern families in the neighborhood, he wasn't popular with the other boys or

with any of the girls. I will call him Rolf, which was not his real name. Rolf was a good looking boy because (I suppose) he was so dark, the opposite extreme of my football hero, my decided paramour. His hair was long, black, and very thick, and his deep, liquid eyes were as soft and loving as a collie's. He laughed a great deal, made cruel jokes, was clever at malicious pranks, particularly with younger boys, and he was always being called into the principal's office because of some offense. He had been sent away to a detention home for a full semester, and upon his return he had acquired a worldly manner. A wise-ass. And I must add, for now I know, he was a humanoid to his fingertips!

Immediately upon his return he took a shine to me and, being somewhat gullible, I fell hook, line, and sinker. One day when we were passing from algebra class into the study hall he pinched me lovingly on the behind. It was the cue. An instinctive, automatic cue. Later that day I wrote a note to him and passed it to him down the aisle through the hands of fellow students. It read: *meet me in the auditorium behind the stage after school.* It was a crazy, impetuous note scribbled during a moment of emotional curiosity which I was later to regret. After school I hurried up the steps to the auditorium. I did not have long to wait. He showed up promptly. Without so much as a word he slipped down his

pants and I went to work on him. Then, when he was through, he kicked me in the behind.

"Don't you ever write another screw note to me again," he snarled, his dark eyes snapping fire. "You—you gubba-gobbler!"

I didn't. I had had my first brush with violence, the unpredictable attitudes of the humanoid, and I went out of my way to avoid him. But he sought me out. We began to see each other, not through any desire on my part, shame-faced always when I thought of my football lover, but through my natural curiosity about those of my kind. I longed to add as many numbers as I could to my "klan," perhaps as a matter of assurance or a self-styled determination to dilute guilt with guilt. Misery loves company, as the old saying goes, and I wanted the company of my kind.

My encounters with my lover had persuaded me that we were vastly different than the other boys at school, and I longed to know with both determination and fascination what that the nature of difference was, and why the difference should exist. With him it seemed so natural, so utterly beautiful. And for this precise reason I considered it should be equally as beautiful and inspiring to others.

Though Rolf proved different than my football Adonis he was interesting, as all humanoids are interesting and different. I later learned that

each one had his individual charm or malice and I was able to differentiate between his deliberate cruelty and my champion's grave, languorous love-making.

Rolf never made love to me. It was sex all the way, and nothing else. He took his pleasures, greedily, selfishly, then turned a cold hostile shoulder. We never even held hands. A hot, blowing tempest one moment, a complete stranger the next, as if, once his passion was spent, I became unworthy through some immediate quirk of nature. Too, he refused to socialize with me at school. We did use a crude sign language which suited our purpose and, like the inferior demonoid that I was, I always managed to alter my schedule in order to accomodate his needs for sex. By alternating between him and my football Adonis. I kept rather busy. Too, through Rolf, I expanded my repertoire.

"I can point out some other boys to you," he said to me one night as we lay on a car blanket on the banks of the Pear. River. "They like a good suck as much as I do." I was surprised at some of the boys he later pointed out to me. Boys I never suspected of doing, or wanting, such a thing. And during my immediate future I had trysts in about every dark corner or lone alcove in and about the high school grounds. The young humanoids were always eager and ready to drop their pants for me as long as it did not

interfere with their superior station or force them to socialize with me publicly. Rolf gave them a sign language, and all they had to do when they wanted sex was to thrust up their right hand so I could see it, their thumb protruding. This meant they had a "hard" and wanted relief. I then made some excuse to the teacher, any clumsy excuse to leave the room, and I would go up to the auditorium and wait behind the stage curtain. My sex partner would soon join me.

Beautiful, well formed humanoid youths! All of them then seemed possessed with radiant good looks and good health and obsessed with eager, quick, indelicate passion. Clean, wholesome, illusive as only youth can be, and willing. God how willing!

But I learned how ferocious that willingness can be.

I lived in a moated heaven during those times, from that first fall tryst with my football captain on through to the following spring. Never a day passed that I did not get on my knees before one of the high school boys or turn up my naked behind to his cheap whims, never once pursuing the fact that they neither liked nor respected me in return. In fact, even then, even in those peaceful, pristine times, there lurked, I understand now, a savage hatred for me, a loathing, a smoth-

ered rage because they did not and never would consider me a man.

I was a "creature" to them, a misfit, something utterly beneath them, although they willingly allowed me the privilege (I say privilege because this is what the humanoids think it is) to fondle their body, to take their sex, the sperm of life, without considering the value of it, or the prize they had so inexpensively given. Passion dominated their reasoning power and, like many white men in the south who frequent negro brothels, they debased themselves for their sexual desires by giving themselves to me.

But, youth is hard. It is not true that temptation is worst for young men. I say that now. It is the middle-aged men, like myself at this writing, wistful with loss or unfulfilment, prone to melancholy, reverent of youth, glad of any music to sing them out of their remembrance of the gathering silence. It is they who find it so hard to say no.

The youths then, the humanoids, I found out much later, could not say no because their passionate natures rather than their spirits dictated to them, and these young, callow passions, experiments really, were flawed with mischief, adventure, intrigue. It was not that they wanted sex so much as the thrill of telling about it afterwards, or the sadistic tyranny of putting someone down, of putting a fellow being on his

knees before them, groping with their organs . . . of which all humanoids boast, knowing they have something someone else wants, a portion of their manhood, a sip of their precious nectar, which they give willingly but bitterly and maliciously. It would seem that a demonoid, could taste that malice in their sperm, so infectious is their giving. It would seem that their wild hatred for us would erupt within them before they could gather the sperm in the caldron of their loins and spit it out to us like a rich man casting crumbs to hounds.

They were like a sword hidden in roses! And that sword shone bright and savage one night in my demon-link with my football champion. He caught me in the act!

It was with a small red-haired boy named Benny. Thin, milk white, a ratty punk if I've ever seen one. And there the irony lay. If he had only been handsome and well built, like some of the other high school humanoids: like Trent, Bradford, Marvin, Lee, or any of the many I had resorbed so frequently, then the lack of mercy at my lover's cruel hands would have been somewhat justified.

But to be caught sucking Benny!

My Adonis never said a word. But when he drove me out to the lake, and we had got out of the car on the new green moss of spring, he beat me unmercifully. His hard fists drove into my

face, blacking both my eyes, cutting my lips, and pounding into my chest and rib cage. I was at his mercy for we were far from the main road and the few houses in the vicinity were still too distant for my screams to be heard. Then for the last time and in the savage attitude of rape, he took his pleasure with me ruthlessly, his sharp teeth biting the nape of my neck, and all the while his fists were still beating me even as the sperm gushed from his affluent loins. When he had finished, my rectum was bleeding and I lay under him limp with pain. All the ill usage inflicted upon the demonoid by the humanoid made itself evident during that awesome night, his carnal body symbolic of the injustice visited upon my kind as he had his way with me venting his thwarted rage, his "normal" revenge. Suffixed to the agony of his rage, his belated passion, as he lay limp above me at last, was the other side of the humanoid life, that hidden innerbeing, as he cried out to me, regretfully, lovingly: "Forgive me! Forgive me!"

In my pain I forgave, as I have forgiven a thousand times since. But that night I gave up my dream. I knew then, somehow, silently, as I lay like a dying deer in his arms thinking of him, his grave beauty and his savagery, knew the price I would have to pay in the future if my demonoid attitudes ran the gamut and if I, through some unknown weakness of desire,

sought out his kind. I would have to pay the price!

So, lying in his fondling arms, I brooded painfully upon the waste of it all, our lives together, viewed by my bloodshot gaze, self-wrapped, conning its own secret, dreaming of itself and its dark history, the saga of the demonoid—its purple-mantled past and its future—my future to be, clothed in vaporous mystery.

It was spring that night, spring in the south. A mysterious scented night, rife with rumors that ran, in the warm dark, from the peering leaf down the veins of the stalk, like my lover's organ, to the waiting flower sleeping in the root—rumours of rain and misty heat and the melodious languors of a future June: this too, was in my lost dream. I knew that I had lost my lover and, since I had lost him, how so much easier would I lose my new lovers in the future. I was acutely aware of an almost vocal sympathy existing between his world and mine, and far down in my ravaged consciousness the dreadful breach between us.

There was something waiting for me out there in the future. Some deed, some high resolve—some dark, terrible dread, some awesome mourning into which I was already born, a luxuriant but replete sympathy from which there is no escape.

Was it death? Was it death from the hands of

some ruture paramour? A humanoid who, as my Adonis had proven, could be far more savage with his hate than he could be opulent with his passion. A melodious language, a siren song heard only by demonoid ears, that would sing me into oblivion.

Chapter Two

It would seem that a lapse of years would impose upon one's nature a semblance of analysis, or at least of a wary alertness of the spoils inflicted upon him by the very essence of his nature. But the tortured are never toughened as so many seem to believe. They are only made more pliable and susceptable for the next hard blow.

A man may be fooled once by thwarted love but never twice, unless he enjoys the role. And with all demonoids, both the utterly masculine and the utterly feminine ones, there is a reckless disregard for danger. They go on and on, mutilated, ravaged, humiliated, and, they rise again! Like so much wheat buckled by a fierce wind.

I never had my lovable, savage Adonis again. He spurned me completely. He wouldn't even speak to me after that (which clearly defined his true humanoid nature). He had wanted sex, not my individual personality. And most assuredly he did not want my love.

Later, I tried to analyze the motive behind his rage that terrible night. I wanted to believe that he cared for me so much he was made jealous of my tryst with the ratty Benny. But in my reign of mournful despair I soon saw the light: he had taken me, thrilled, and had cast me aside like a broken toy when his respectability had been threatened. But I still loved him. He set the pattern for my type, my dream-hero, the impossible lover we all seek extravagantly but never find really. He led me on, his grave illusion, into still darker caves of desire, seeking with a kind of belated madness but not finding his beautiful counterpart.

The year I finished school he married. I tried to loathe her, but couldn't. I felt my strangeness acutely, my alienation with all mankind and especially my exile from him who I thought once loved me so dearly. The real blame soaked in: they were right to mate and I was wrong. It wasn't to be. But, if it wasn't to be, I thought persistently, then why was I born as I was? There was no answer.

There is still no answer. We cannot say it is to

deter the population explosion, for man has invented wars to do that, also birth control pills, legal abortion, and a number of maltreatments for the death of man.

I tried to pick up my old life, read a great deal, painted, worked up a science-fiction comic strip, and attempted an interest in writing fiction. As I grew older my mind broadened, and I began to play out my limited geography. Other than short vacation trips, I never went further than thirty miles from home, and in my traveling, always alone, I began to pick up bits of information which revealed to me in time the essence of the demonoid world.

Often I discovered beautiful pictures, and there were deplorable ones. Mostly, I learned that I was truly a misfit in the great society of man, an alien. An outcast, with the exception of my own kind, which, secretively, could be as malicious as the proverbial straights. We demonoids were definitely of a kind and we were sliced from the humanoid world with a cruel knife. And if we happened to be caught in between, our fate was tragic.

Occasionally I rode twenty miles into the Capitol, and managed to rub elbows with many of my demon-brothers. In those early, utopian days —for the demonoid at least—they were referred to as "fairies" and many acted accordingly. Obviously feminine, they were what they were, and

booked no substitution. Not that they flaunted themselves dangerously. They merely lived out their lives for what they were, and to the devil with the hindmost. Then there were others like myself, acutely masculine who tried to pass themselves off as humanoids. Many succeeded, taking up and maintaining professions not open to their fellow-aliens. They moved in the humanoid world undetected, and rarely if ever were exposed. Many were renowned athletes, and there were those thougher ones who held down manual jobs, such as truck drivers, construction workers, mechanics, engineers, and high ranking officers in the various services.

The more I saw them the more I came to learn how vast their number, and the completeness with which they banded their army. Brothers under the cuff, they helped one another when in trouble, loaned out attractive clients, made swift and sometimes lasting introductions, and created, unknowingly, a language of their own. Too, they had their own publications, their travel folders, sent out brochures on places to visit: hotels, resorts, beaches, or any public or private place frequented by demonoids. They even had an annual ball. Of course, these demonoids were of a cosmopolitan group made up of those from larger cities, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, who had drifted into the southern cities and had, through southern demonoids, expanded their re-

cruiting systems. But there was one place in the Capitol which catered only to the demonoid and those lured by them. And I learned much about this hidden and forbidden society from the patrons who came from all around, from Florida, New Orleans, or Mobile.

It was called the "Cracker Box" and was located in the poorer neighborhood of town, between the railroad tracks and the vacant fairgrounds. It was a cracker box indeed, less decorative than my father's cotton crib. But it served its rightful purpose, and many lonely, misplaced demonoids got the opportunity to mingle with their own kind and to get acquainted with the rivalrous humanoids who slipped into the tiny club for obvious purposes.

Enlarged photos of movie stars, usually the ones of the silent screen, lined the painted pine walls. There were tinted lamps at each table which enhanced and dazzled the otherwise drab atmosphere. It was crowded nightly, and on week-ends the graveled parking lot swarmed with teen-age boys (humanoids) eager to catch a glimpse of the exotic demonoids as they went to and from the club. On occasion there were fights, the police were called, and sometimes a demonoid was robbed. But usually in those days, when the demonoid world seemed more delectable than repulsive to those of the humanoid clan,

there was little of the violence that was later to come in the south.

The majority of humanoids held the demonoid in something like awe, if not interested sexually then naturally curious, and they were yet to sprout the malicious attitudes that prevailed following World War Two.

Directly after the Pearl Harbor attack I joined the marines and, after seven weeks gruelling work in boot camp, two weeks at Camp Matthew on the rifle range, and five more weeks at Camp Pendleton in Scout and Sniper School, I was shipped overseas. There were a number of sailors I got acquainted with in San Diego, several marines aboard the S. S. Lurline, and two English soldiers I well remember after we landed in New Zealand. And there were marines, many marines!

All definitely humanoids. A second best for them away from home, their sweethearts, their wives, and my relations with them meant no more than that: groping in shut-off corridors aboard ship, in locker rooms, down in the engine compartments where the ship's screw spun endlessly, a massive cylinder like the organ of a sea monster, roaring like thunder, or on the bow at right beneath the gun turrets, in chained jeeps covered over with canvas, in the salt water showers, the latrine in the late hours, and on the promenade deck where hundreds of marines

slept butt to crotch like teddy bears in their inflated life preservers.

Meaningless sex charades, quick, elusive, demoralizing—and I say demoralizing because of the hurried manipulation in ever-present fear of being caught—finished before it was started seemingly, a physical interlude of milking their bodies like a naughty child stealing a puff from his father's cigarette. Bits of glory snatched in seconds without affection, love, or warmth—two bodies united like delirious runaways, locked like animals in their death struggle, mouth agape, head on into one another, lumbering beasts in the star-lit darkness, and remaining inter-locked thus for sketchy minutes, drifting with the tides of life. When at last we were freed from the vises that held us, climaxed, because some intruder had stepped too close, our muscles relaxed a little and our jaws falling away. Night shadows loomed as the ship's masts rolled in the Pacific waters, and we—my hastily selected partner and I—lying on our backs, could see them moving across the stars. When the unprotected part of his body drifted into my mouth and was instantly crushed warmly with passion, my captured creature threshed and slid its naked buttocks back and forth, a tyrannical overlord above the ocean's depths, propelled by the drive of his sex and rolling like a thing with shifting ballast. Its enormous thighs were wide open, moving awk-

wardly through anxiety and fear, a dull and overgrown beast, feeding through his stomach and into me everything that entered its mouth, a beast without intelligence or more than the feeblest vision, prowling the decks nightly like a dredging machine, a figure without identity, without a face, only a body. A beautiful body, snatched in the darkness momentarily and, with my gaping mouth so tantalizingly close, its naked torso would go with the current of my intentions, its tail slowly moving like a rudder to right or left, responding with a thick-skulled tremor of fear, moving not by a will of its own but by a simple reflex. When it had shot its lively sperm, as my jaws opened to their widest reach, this king of the ocean would reject with his big tail then move off.

Beasts! But what gorgeous bodies with dark sensuous thighs draped in their snowy white uniforms, these humanoids of war, these god warriors, men of great beauty, formidable killers softened by passion, their long swift torpedos of flesh that moved almost at the speed of a torpedo into the depths of my mouth, like a serpent going into a cavern, propelled by giant buttocks and guided by soft fins of hair. With sexual appetites without parallel in voracity, they seemed to spend their visual lives devouring and digesting, as if nature had vacantly fashioned these young, strong gods and had equipped them

with such abundant potentials that they fed with insatiable gluttony on sex and found in me, their most devoted disciple, the supply of sex equal to their ravenous lusts.

And it all meant nothing!

Days, months, and even years of patronage to the whims of those gorgeous gods of war—all meant nothing. There is something about a soldier, they say and this expression, forever true, goes beyond the uniform. The law of the military service seems to squeeze them on one extreme and loosen their attitudes on another. They were susceptible as if sex with a demonoid was so natural that it needed no comment. And as the war progressed so did their passions grow. And how glorious to snatch from their willing bodies their pent-up passions, to swallow the nectar of their youth, their ferocity, or to feel their hard tooled bodies sliding over mine with so wondrous a sensation—reasoning that they were so definitely male—that the act itself seemed a phenomenon of nature.

Joys, dazzling raptures all the more thrilling because those moments were stolen were trapped in the kind darkness of night, pulled from them, and locked in an embrace you wish could never be loosened, like dark beasts locked in mortal combat on some dark landscape. How sweet it would have been to die on such a moment, to let life slip away in the embrace of a young god, and

all the more gratifying to go with him into that golden eternity—because you know that he is all man—all humanoid—the thing which sums up the lifelong demonoid's craving, seducing the young willing virgins of that other impossible world!

Those were wonderful times for me then, enduring in a complete male world, integrating with the noble humanoid, the one beautiful chapter in my life which, like all beautiful things, had to come to an end.

Between my moments of snatched sex and of devouring young souls, I met and became acquainted with several marines who will go down in the history of my memory. They wrote their own sagas in my heart, and were more to me—oh, so much more—than hasty interludes of sex. They became not only lovers of a nature but wholesome friends, friends who came over to me from the humanoid world. Such coexistence told me then, in those far away days, and tells me now, profoundly, ultimately, that there can be a pleasant and instructive compromise between the demonoid and the humanoid, that their disbanded worlds can rejoin, and can profit from the union. This utter lack of communication from one klan to another, this broken promise to man, this eternal refusal to be united in a common brotherhood is the main reason today, I

believe, that friendship, and the art of friendship is dead in America.

Today, no two men friends, especially humanoid friends, would do such unheard of trival thing as say: sitting down at a piano together, their hands interlacing, read poetry aloud, share books, go out for lunch, invite one to another's apartment, or, through fear of being branded as odd, wouldn't dare pat a friend on the shoulder. Men have reached this breach in their relations, even men who are married, have children. The only friends they have today are their wives. They seem to fear or dread an assumed relationship with another man, to encapsulate themselves with themselves. They prefer, it seems, to appear idiots, half beast and half rock, in nature's amazing family. It seems that nature has smiled on them for their ironic indulgence with the opposite sex and has allowed them to specialize until they have practically sealed up their emotions within the stone dungeons of their minds. Men seem today to crawl about in darkness, thrusting witless heads out of their stone prisons.

Nature, deep in her inscrutable heart, reserved the award of intelligence for the most savage killers. Yet, it seems lacking in man. Fearlessness has been and always will be the highest of all virtues. And if men insisted aeons ago in withdrawing from the struggle into their ar-

mored homes, like the humanoid of today, there would today be only a world of snails and turtles, a world of blind and insensible paralysis among the humanoid species, without passion, daring, or hope.

But there were no such men prior to World War Two or during it in America. Or, if they were, I failed to meet them. There was about them a bulwark of courage and daring, and the savagery and the bitterness which has all but engulfed them today came in a time after, perhaps during the close of the war, or directly after, brought on no doubt by an unseen change in man himself and in his true nature.

Perhaps these humanoids of the war coexisted with the demonoid because of the indisputable predicament they were in, thrust together through no will or motive of their own, both victims of circumstance and subject to the identical discomfort of war, privation, and death. Whatever the reason in those crucial days, men were knights and gods, and they were fearless. What they wanted they took, either through vast forces of their own, or with guile.

Such a man was Shreve.

I met him aboard the U. S. S. Bloemfontein on the way from New Zealand to the island of Guadalcanal. We were having a field pack inspection and I saw him first as he came up on deck, the shafts of sunlight through the ship's masts fall-

ing radiantly on his uplifted face. His helmet was in his hand, and his jet black curly hair was tossed by the sea winds. His eyes glanced in my direction, locked and held. They sparkled like the blue water in the sunlight. He smiled and I think that at that moment I fell in love with him. It was as simple as that. Though he was not the counterpart of my football captain, the image I had sought repeatedly and despairingly, he was beautiful in my young, eager eyes—as all true males are beautiful. Each has a charm all his own, not a schooled nor practiced nor assumed charm, though these have been used successfully among men trying to score with a demonoid, but something wondrous which comes only from the gift giver of nature, something about their smiles. their eyes, the way they tilt their heads, the military stance of their walk, their hands—hands you know from the first will finish what they take hold of—the coquettry in their speech. Each has his own brand, his gifted symbol of allure and attraction, and nothing can take that from the man, neither war, heartbreak, privation, nor age. It matures with their growth, and becomes their badge, the badge that beauty wears, as proudly as a woman wearing a rose.

The second time I saw Shreve was late evening. The sun had already gone down, but there was enough light scattered over the Pacific to make out objects easily. He came to the rail

where I was leaning and stood beside me. As with all marines, there is no such thing as a stranger, especially with another marine, and we automatically struck up a conversation. I learned that he was from Maryland, that he had taken his boot training at Camp Lejeune and had sailed to New Zealand on the Lurline. Neither of us was surprised that we had not met the other before. There had been eighteen thousand marines aboard, plus sailors and merchant mariners, and the chances of meeting one another were as slim as intercepting in New York. I liked him immensely: he was like one of the dim heroes from high school life, as knightly as any warrior from King Arthur's court, one of those rare persons you may meet once or twice in a lifetime, the one person you would see in a crowded room, one who would stand out—perhaps as Christ stood out among his fellows, or even Lawrence of Arabia. There seemed to radiate from his physical being a glowing substance, unexplainable, and you were drawn to him in a mysterious but fascinating way. So he seemed to me.

He spoke with a quiet, mannerly voice, an educated voice, and his decorum was something bordering on the perfect. Right off I could tell that he was from a good family, a wholesome background. His worldliness and his cosmopolitan attitude demanded both respect and admira-

tion. His ambitions were to become an architect, a student from the Frank Lloyd Wright school, and his calmness, his directness, pointed obviously to such a vocation.

It would be daring on the part of a demonoid to state that Shreve was a bona-fide humanoid, especially after our relationship, but he was that —one hundred percent. My prime candidate. It is he, as a symbol, that I would like to present to the world, and prove to all humanoids, those rebellious, revengeful, degrading beasts I have come to know and loathe since the war, and shout that it can be done.

That same night, within the circular turret of one of the heavy guns which perched upon the forward bow, we came on strong with each other. He stripped completely and the moonlight on his white body made him almost luminous. He lay back, his thighs thrust up, his thick, muscular arms behind his head, giving himself to me willingly, enthrallingly. His huge organ, erect as the enormous gun pointing heavenward, was like a pink rose bud on a long strong stem. And so easily, so calmly did he succumb to me. And when I took it in my hands gently, bravely, trembling, it throbbed like a quivering bird, restless for flight. No picture ever painted, no photograph ever taken, no image ever conjured by mind or in dream could compete with him lying naked there in the old battleship gray gun tur-

ret, his luminous white body glowing like that of a god washed up from the sea. The music of the Pacific night cajoled us into ecstasy, the waves broke against the hull, the stars swung slowly in that vast shoreless ocean of space. His body was warm in the salt wind as he surrendered, and the convulsive movement of the whole organism of our sex, the dark power of it, was so strong that it gave to the night a body of its own, sounds of its own which matched those of nature. His soft, melodious voice uttered into my ears, an eternal and everlasting music that I would remember always: "I wish the war would never end, and we could go on and on like this forever." It was the subdued voice of a humanoid in a world of men, in a muted battleground bloated with savagery and death.

For the remainder of that romantic journey by sea and during our sojourn on Guadalcanal I touched heaven with him. It was a story-book love, from a book that had never been written, and it included all the love songs ever composed, every love sonnet ever written, every scrap of poetry. And with that love we had our Eden and our summer wine and our own brand of paradise. No man or woman ever loved with the rhythmic depth which Shreve and I gave to our secret relation, and no love was ever more beautiful. If any man or woman has ever loved as we loved I have never chanced to meet them, even

to this day of writing. And the memory of it is as sweet as if it had happened only yesterday. Time, privation and later heartbreaks have failed to dim its brilliance. If I think of it or glance at his picture, all the old joys and refrains, the erratic waywardness, the dancing harmonies of its heat, its flowering incalculable furies return to haunt me.

The badge that young beauty wears, especially a young male, the highest premium of all, to behold alone is sheer poetry itself. But to fall in love with such stalwart beauty, and to be loved by him in return . . . this is fathomless ecstasy!

In my profound love for Shreve, war and misery, privation and death, gruelling military life and military discipline passed me by like a gull in the wind. I felt none of it. Ascended to this high place, sitting in revelry on its high throne, I rode above the stench of the battlefields, escaped the gnawing, infectious heat of the jungles, became invulnerable to the mortar shells that whizzed overhead, the sniper bullets, the flat trajectory shells and the bombardments. His love covered me with a protective film, and no violence of man or nature could dent my armor, could take me out of the golden limbo of my love.

Or so I thought!

It happened on the island of Bougainville, a part of the British Solomon Islands of which

Guadalcanal was a member. We were on a ten man patrol, a combat patrol of which Shreve and I were attached as intelligence scouts. The other marines, veteran combat marines, were total strangers to us, being assigned aboard ship on the evening prior to taking the beachhead at Cape Torokina in Empress Augusta Bay. We had manuevered our way up the Mission Trail to Piva Village. Then up the winding Numa-Numa Trail to Piva Forks, to Evansville, beyond the front lines of the ninth marine reinforcements, and along the Craig Road which led us to Lake Kathleen. There, after a march of three days and nights, the Sergeant in charge decided we would set up a bivouac for the night.

We were a grubby group. Wet with sweat, our fatigues ripped by vine and branch, our bodies tormented by ticks, flies and mosquitoes, sodden with weariness and faint from hunger, we fell in a heap on the little sand beach which completely surrounded the lake. It was like paradise, after our long trek through the jungles, the muddy hillsides, the trenches and bombarded valleys knee deep in rice and snake fern.

We camped in the midst of an abandoned Japanese stronghold, and after an hour's exploration among the ruins we came up with dried fish heads and salt crackers, stashed away in cedar barrels, and much to the marines' delight an enormous supply of saki. They had been in on

the initial assault, had not shaved, bathed or changed uniforms since that awesome H-hour, and in their eagerness to eat and drink they were like circus bears jumping and prancing on the sand, unwary of Japanese stragglers who might be still armed, and unaware of mortars aimed from Cibik Ridge.

We all stripped and bathed in Lake Kathleen, and the water was like crystal over the pinkish sand. As twilight came on, we settled down for the night. Shreve and I lay on the sand beyond a little clump of banana leaves which partially hid us from the laughing, quarrelsome, half-drunk marines. The saki was getting the best of them, and with their half-empty stomachs and the rotten fish heads, their systems rebelled. Some of them vomited savagely and became slothful. Others developed a streak of sardonic deviltry, the drinks going to their brains and heightened in potency by the intense heat of the jungle, miles from the ocean air and any danger from the enemy. Then, a wild rebellion ensued. Dancing on the sand, as Shreve and I peered cautiously at them through a protective shield of banana leaves, they looked in the moonlit darkness all the more like ungainly brutes with their absurdly naked bodies savage with wiry hair, their hideous faces like the bearded masks of delirious, frantic apes.

Nature had never before achieved a more for-

midable yet horrifying instance of perfection, and that perfection, with all its drunken revelry, became to us—Shreve and myself—a threatening terror. Several of them had already glanced our way, and their intentions were obvious. Not only were they drunk on saki but they were also in heat, and this bluntly advertised a new terror within me. Shreve, I noticed, had no fears, for he was humanoid, and he did not provoke, nor lure passion in another brother humanoid.

"I got to get you outa here," he whispered, laying a warm hand on my shoulder. "I think they know."

I knew they knew!

Under his direction, we ran across the open stretch of sand toward a clump of dense foliage this side of the Japanese encampment. But we were too late.

Shreve gained the curtain of fern and coconut palm, but they were upon me like a tribe of furious, howling apes. I went down under their drunken onslaught, my small body victim to agonizing fists and hard thrusts which seemed to come from everywhere.

"Fuckin' queer!" one of them shouted (there's that word) as he caught me by the hair of my head and turned me to face his hideous, leering eyes. "Saw you smoochin' that fellow aboard the McKean. Yo' gonna get what yo' deserve!"

He slapped me full across the face, the sound ringing in the jungle gloom.

"We don't allow no fruits in the marines!" came the wild cry of another. "We gonna give you a belly full of dick tonight!"

Suddenly, in a stricken, dumb terror, I registered their intentions, screamed, as their callous hands went lovingly over my body, groping, feeling their way up my spine, along my buttocks. I was roughly turned over on my stomach, my legs savagely spread, my hands pinned down at arm's length, the warmth of a body over my head, pressing my face into the damp sand, and I lunged desperately, trying to set myself free. But it was useless, hopeless!

Through the legs of the shadowy form above me I got a fleeting glimpse of Shreve tearing out of the bushes toward me, saw him meet one of the drunk marines head on, saw them lock in a death grip as he tired to fight them off. His naked body sprawled backwards as a hard fist smashed into his jaw. There was a thudding sound, as bone struck bone, and he lay in the sand, face down, out cold.

Then, under this ceiling of foliage as deep as any night, wild and wind driven, with the cosmic magnitude of nature roaring and flaming above me, I was brought to bay beneath the realm of their sexual conquest.

I clung there to the sand, with a kind of

superhuman strength, something I had never possessed before, so that I could endure their assault that followed assault, their dark hairy bodies lashing the bleak outcropping of my buttocks, pouring up my sides with thick thighs and breaking in mighty downrushing of flanks as their rigid tools, polluted with drunken dreams, pierced an awful, burning chasm of red fire in my rectum, a cauldron of boiling flame which screamed through every crevice of my being, shot and exploded in my brain, to ease momentarily until another attacker mounted for his demonstrable purpose.

When at long last I lay still, wracked in agony, I tried to raise my bruised head and looked around. Their passion spent, they had wandered off to their sacks, sleeping out their gory dream, and I realized that I must have fainted. Though the surface of my body was still hot, there was no flames within me leaping upward like strange bonfires in the darkness, and I felt barren, robbed. Shreve lay near me, drowned in his own pain, and I began to whimper silently. Whimpered for the pure beautiful world of love one humanoid had given me, and so freely, willingly, profoundly. The humanoid beasts who had counterbalanced that warm affection with revenge and retaliation, each—one in his compassion, the others in their revolts—preparing unknowingly the nest for the things to come.

So I lay, victim of my own innocent circumstance, a toy for both man's love and man's cruelty, my head dipped in Lake Kathleen, my sore, foredoomed body stained with pernicious sperm from the loins of the noble humanoid, and my own warm blood.

Chapter Three

If war brought strange bedfellows, then the aftermath brought even stranger ones.

A drastic change made itself known in man. Partly due to the war, the fighting, the training of men to kill, then flushing them out into civilian life and expecting them to forget that training, man became rebellious. He wanted to strike back, to draw blood. In his rehabilitation, in his long struggle to find his normal place in a normal world, he instinctively rebelled against anything not normal. And the demonoid became his ready-made victims.

The demonoid represented everything they had loathed in their glamorous crusade with patriotism, the American way of life they had so drudgingly fought to save, that their brothers and fathers and comrades had died for and, in a swift effort to balance their own loss, sometimes of manhood, and many times their physiological change, the new civilian life to which they could not adjust, they sought to rid the land of him. The demonoid's ready presence, his available uncouthness, became for them an inventive form of self salvation. Trained to kill, to mutilate, driven into slaughter, they found their perfect foil. Under the law they could play out their murderous rages and at the same time satisfy their malformations on the wilder demonoids who pursued them openly, as they had so successfully done in the service during the war years. But during the post-war years they were not so easily pursued, and from their instinctive rebellion, hating the unnatural symbols in their new roles, the war babies came into the grand peaceful scheme of things, and they were taught rebellion by their veteran fathers, their uncles, and cousins. The high school coaches, many of them veterans themselves, carried the instructions further, and laid down rules and regulations by which young, callow students could "get even" with the terrible demonoids who

prowled the streets, the bars, the arenas, prying on the nation's young.

And out of all this cajoling of change, this post-war mockery, this labryinth of malice and treason, I stepped into a world which I expected to be peaceful now that we had won the war, but it was a battleground far more maddening than Guadalcanal, the treacherous mountains of Guam, the furious jungles of Bougainville, the nightmare that was Iwo Jima.

And I stepped into it completely blind, and unprepared for the onslaught to come. I had lost Shreve in Cushman's Pocket beyond the village of Mota Yama on Iwo Jima. I came home with a broken heart, enshrouded in my invisible mourning veil, carrying my invisible widow's weeds. And with the branded memory on my mind of him lying so pitifully in my arms, shot in the abdomen with a Namboo machine gun, his pale blue eyes dulled with death, his fine pink lips quivering indistinguishable words I will never know the meaning of, his expression waned, one of antagonistic regret. I remembered vividly his dying in my arms, and grieved for his death, not only of his beautiful body, his gallant love, but the death of that kind of love. For after him, I had neither the heart nor the will to fall in love again—with man or woman.

I knew profoundly, as I rose up from that white cross in the military cemetary at the foot

of Mt. Suribachi that whatever my life would be in the future, wherever it would take me, whatever I would become, I would never risk my heart with anyone else. My mind was made up, and I would not change that. It was my farewell to Shreve, and men like him, and I have kept my promise.

With the closer members of my family passing away too, I did not want to remain in the vicinity where I spent my childhood. The war, the change, the heartbreak over Shreve had done things to me, and I longed to break away, to begin again, to start over somewhere. The wounds were not so new, so raw—I had to make a clean break.

I accepted a position as artist in another State Capitol. For the first time in my life, with the exception of my service years as a marine, I found myself living entirely alone, unattached, without friends or family or loved ones. I had many paintings I had done, pieces of sculpture, glassware, collector's items, and I set myself up in a rather picturesque apartment overlooking the Capitol buildings and the Mississippi.

I loved my work, had ample opportunity to write and paint on the side, and in the enormous modern building where I worked I had a studio with four other artists—humanoids—under my direction.

I had always taken excellent care of my

health, my looks, my mode of dress, and in my long sojourn at the rehabilitation center I did not allow myself to go slack or soft, nor did I, like so many bachelors, let myself go. I had never been a flashy dresser, though a fashionable one, and had never worn clothing which looked effeminate. This I abhorred.

I was masculine: I could pass any day as one of the utterly masculine humanoids, and my manners and speech were both masculine and arresting. Not that I was the bully type, the braggart, or the parody of the girl-chasing male practiced by both humanoid and demonoid alike —each in a long practiced masquerade to cover up a lack of manhood which lay beneath. My main objective was to be at all times well mannered and well behaved in public, a fashion plate, learned and cosmopolitian, broad minded, but not to a fault. Since I had always loathed falseness of any kind (I do not consider homosexuality a falseness of character), I drove for the natural charm in man, the utterly masculine man.

This standard, this status symbol, this fixed image was not difficult for me to reach. I had been reared properly by an old established southern family, a family that catered to deportment, pride, courage to withstand the inevitable and yet retain a sense of dignity. I possessed an extrinsic mania concerning anything cheap. My motto had always been go first class

or not go at all. I read a lot, kept with the arts, world situations, the movies and the theater, sports, and I pratically memorized men's fashion magazines. To top it off, I loved rugged men's publications, westerns, Civil War stories, and I had a flare for science and science fiction. Too, what I might have canceled out as manly characteristics during my education I recaptured while in the marines. I came out a better man despite my grief, my natural unhappiness and I took additional pride in my person and developed great admiration for anything military. To this day I still consider myself a marine, that lesson having branded itself so profoundly into my thinking I cannot escape the factionalism of it. Never do I see a parade, hear military bands, or see the stars and stripes go up that my heart does not skip an extra beat, and I have an renewed awareness of pride.

I give this catalogue of myself at this time to lay the groundwork for what is to lie ahead, to supply the reader with a true picture of myself physically and mentally, the portrait of a man in his late thirties, a war veteran, having rehabilitated normally in to the post-war façade, a virile he-man in every respect as judged by American society, the typical American male, with one exception, and I name this without shame nor guilt, nor with the slightest veneer of the freakish: I admire the male, my own sex

To further substantiate my claim, below is a word by word citation, one of three I received, with honor while serving with the marines during World War Two. If this does not validate my manhood, my courage, my rightful place beside all other men then without doubt I have been applying the wrong yardstick to measure the male.

For meritorious service while serving with the marine infantry regiment at Bougainville, British Solomon Islands, from 6 November, 1943 to 9 January, 1944: at Guam, Marianas Islands, from 21 July, 1944 to 15 August, 1944; and at Iwo Jima, Volcano Islands, from 22 February to 16 March, 1945. Sergeant _____ served as an intelligence scout; at Guam he was also a scout: and at Iwo Jima he served as scout within and beyond the front lines. Throughout these periods of repeated action against the enemy, Sergeant _____ distinguished himself by his initiative, his unflagging zeal in the face of extreme hardship and danger, his courage and his aggressive fighting spirit and his outstanding devotion to duty. An inspiration to all who served with him, he made a material contribution to the success of these operations. His exemplary conduct was in keeping with the high-

est traditions of the United States Naval Service.

G. B. Erskine,
Major General, U.S. Marine Corps,
Commanding

Dated: 29 June, 1945

If any one of my readers, humanoid or demonoid feels he can contribute personally more to manhood and the cause of manhood, I wish he would step forward.

The admiration of one's own sex does not automatically place him into the category of the vanquished. It does not make him less a man, less a hero, less talented in his chosen field, less endowed with manners, good breeding, less patriotic, less religious, nor less inferior. It does not necessarily make him more docile, more cowardly, more gullible, more tarnished morally, more subject to ridicule, or more of a security risk. Loving his own sex does not take away his respect for others or himself, his pride, his elegance, his trust and hope for mankind as a whole, his eternal striving for a better, more peaceful world.

He is physically and mentally the same as his humanoid brothers, with or without identical strengths and weaknesses. He has the identical

goals, the identical aspirations. He, like the humanoid, is composed of both the good and the bad, what is essential for life and what is frivolous. He makes errors and he tries to correct them just like his humanoid-brothers. He builds and he tears down as they do. He plans. He dreams. Sometimes he succeeds and sometimes he fails. He laughs and he cries. Last, and perhaps the most important, he is not insane. He is not an immoralist. He is not degenerate.

So my story has at last brought me to bay as the reason for putting this on paper at all, exposing what he is up against for being born identical to his next door neighbor, his classmate, his bunkmate in the military, his supervisor within the realm of his occupation. And he is identical —demon or not—and he passes amidst you daily, undetected.

The studio where I had come to work after the war, to fulfill my obligations in the civilian and postwar world, was one which catered to the public in general—people of all classes and creeds, and especially those under the Governor's influence. They came for selected works of art, usually commercial and for a specific purpose: posters, woodcarvings, miniature models. Our range was wide and we received considerable publicity for our efforts. The four men under me were as ambitious, artwise, as any that I have interviewed since the war. They were all married,

had one or two children each, and they ranged in age from twenty five to thirty. All four had after work hobbies in some form of art: private showings, publications, etc. They played golf on weekends, went hunting and fishing, had small modest camping cabins and nice homes within the city limits. They were all good-looking men, nicely built, neat in appearance, and more masculine than is generally seen in the traditional artist colonies.

It can be stated that every queer is an artist, but not every artist is a queer. They are normal men, humanoids, in every respect. Veterans, respectful, have their own little circle of friends, (married with children) and they are not above eying a pretty skirt, especially on the job when their wives are safely tucked away at home. They are typical Americans: prone to argue a great deal, maliciously jealous about their artistic endeavors, inclined to brag too much about women, and to talk too much about sex (that healthy humanoid sex). They try with all their reasoning powers to steer clear of all minority groups. At their worst they are clannish, selfish, without honor, ambitious, and fanatic. In other words, they are not above stepping on someone's toes if stepping will get them a promotion. They practice survival of the fittest to the letter and when the going gets tough, silence is their creed. Otherwise, likable guys.

Alone in the city, with no kin or family friends within the borders of the state, I passed my free time after work reading, watching TV, painting some favorite subject (and not nude males), and doing research for several books I intended to write. Sometimes I drove through the southern countryside on week-ends, making hasty sketches, admiring the rural landscapes, talking to some of the more colorful inhabitants whose hospitability in these parts knows no bounds. Rustic, pictorial, prideful of their land and homes, they are the self-made models for any painter or writer. I spent hundreds of week-ends absorbing the nostalgic faculties of both the new and the old, the ancient and the quaint.

But if man is amiable, he is also perfidious. He was never meant by nature to suppress his pursuit of beauty and freedom. He must have, above all things, the essence of his drive.

One Saturday night I took a walk down the main thoroughfare of town, a street that even at its liveliest was little more than a one-way boardwalk in a frontier settlement. As one giddy queen put it later: "You could fire a cannon down it at nine o'clock in the evening and not hit a soul."

It wasn't that bad, but almost. By chance I passed a small, out of the way lounge which was uphill from the railroad station. I went in and ordered a beer. After my eyes had accustomed

themselves to the dimness, the fog of cigarette smoke, I noticed the place was not much larger, if any, than my art studio. A tiny room which was to be the transient station to my doom. It was painted a gas chamber green. There were five or six tables with kitchen chairs, and a bar which extended the full length of the room. There was a juke box in one corner blaring hill-billy numbers, and several pin-ball machines making clanging, circus sounds as boys in jeans and cowpoke hats manipulated it crudely, kicking it at intervals and tilting it manually when the merry lights did not blink up lucky, desirable numbers. A girl attended the bar—tall, a string bean with a Teutonic face framed in a wild mane of jet black hair, with eyes like chips of blue ice. Next to me at the bar sat two boys, college age, neat, every hair in place, their white shirts luminous under the ceiling lights. When I started to pay the Spider girl one of them tossed a buck on the counter. They both grinned. It was their cue.

Automatically we struck up a conversation, harmless, as most men do in bars. The fellow on the next stool becomes the partner of an evening's drinking, and by midnight there is little that one does not know about the other. With these two kids I noticed a kind of shyness unfamiliar in bars, so I mistook them for students. And like me, with nothing to do in this dull

town, they had decided to take a drink. Millions have done it all over the world, and the motives and results have been nothing more—stags out for an evening of drinking and conversation. With most stags such events went no further, but mine exceeded that somewhat.

I had noticed their good looks, but I had never, especially since the war years and Shreve's death, made a pass at any man or boy. I had been content to think of my memories of Shreve. The wounds were still too fresh to begin another similar relation. Since the war, I had talked to many boys, had drank with them, and had walked out of the bars and gone home alone. This I intended to do with these too, although their interest in me developed as the evening wore on, and their flattery at times became a little depressing. As I stated earlier, I deplore falseness and any show of fraudulence. I was green to this new postwar breed, the babies war had wrought, so I naturally assumed that they were broke, and employed fabrication as a means to win them drinks. This I didn't mind. Sometimes, at my age, paying for conversation does not seem to be a crime.

Youth had its purpose, if only as a noble object to be admired. Being an artist and a demonoid, I had always admired beauty, youth, and the symbols thereof. I think they sensed this. When I started to leave one of them asked

if I had a car. I answered that I had, but I had left it at my apartment earlier that day, deciding to walk.

"We'll drive you," the other one suggested.

It seemed so harmless an invitation, I accepted.

Their car was outdated but this did not alarm me. Many young boys preferred old cars to new ones, and cars were still high priced and difficult to obtain due to the shortages of war. When we neared my apartment the boy who was driving said he had to take the other one home, and would I like to drive out with him and back? I had nothing else to do and the night was yet young so I considered it an excellent idea. I did not feel ill at ease until we had gone over the river bridge at the edge of town and he turned the car off into a desolate sand dune area.

"You sure live a long way out," I said, making conversation, all the while craning my neck out the window for a glimpse of lights, a house. There was nothing but the bleak sand patches and the dark, omnious river.

I began to smell a mouse.

"Not much farther," one of them answered, and both laughed softly.

At the river's edge he stopped the car, and cut off the motor. He left the carlights on, which made two paths of light over the white sand, and switched on the interior lights.

"What the hell?" I asked, puzzled.

They remained silent for a moment, as if not knowing what to answer, or how I would take their answer if they decided to speak.

Finally the driver said, his voice trembling slightly, as he bent forward so that he could see around the one sitting in the middle: "Which one of us do you want first?"

There was that soft, unsure laughter again.

"I don't know what you mean," I lied, knowing profoundly then.

"You know," the other one said, timidly. He groped at his crotch, obviously. "We're both yours—if you want us."

"You got me all wrong, kids," I explained, though wondering guiltily what they would look like without their clothes on. "I don't go for boys. I'm sorry if I've disappointed you."

They were completely taken by surprise. They looked at one another, their brows furrowed with tiny wrinkles.

"Well," the driver said, looking sheepishly at me. "You sure fooled us. Just looking for kicks, Mister. You understand?"

I nodded, fighting my desires with logic, and remembering sharply Shreve's handsome face as he lay in my arms on Iwo Jima. I wouldn't be unfaithful to him, his memory.

"It's all right," I remarked. "It's a natural

mistake. I'm so much older than you, and alone. Let's forget it."

"You're not mad?" the one sitting in the middle asked.

"Why should I be? It was just a mistake. No harm done. Shouldn't we just drive back into town, forget it ever happened. I'll buy us all a drink, then we'll just shake hands and say good-night. What you say?"

"Sounds like a good idea," one of them answered. He started the motor then switched it off. "Mister, could you let me and my buddy talk over something. Won't take but a minute?"

"Sure," I answered, climbing out of the car. While they talked I walked along the river bed, smoking a cigarette. The cool night air on my face sobered me and my faculties regained their normality. In a little while they called me back to the car.

"Mister," the driver said, who seemed the elder of the two, his dark hair now a little reckless over his expressive eyes. "I hope you don't get the idea that my buddy and me are queers or something like them cocksuckers at that Purple Guitar Lounge?"

"Nonsense."

"We just needed a little money tonight and thought—we thought if you wanted it—and was willing to throw a little cabbage our way—we'd be willing. Wouldn't we, Riley?"

The other boy nodded, as if he was offering bread, not his body, his morals.

"Look," I said, trying to be nice to the kids, and wanting to get out of this uneasy situation, which frankly, was beginning to upset me a little. "You drive me back into town and I will let you borrow a few bucks. That's the best I can do." I took a ten out of my billfold and handed it to the kid sitting next to me.

They both seemed pleased that they would not have to forfeit their souls for the cash.

"You're a swell Joe," one of them grunted.

On the way back into town they talked abundantly, as if they had discovered a new ally in their financial despair. And when they dropped me off in front of my apartment they wanted me to promise them I would meet them at that same little railroad bar the following week-end. They would surely be there with my ten and pay me back. I half-heartedly promised. I wanted no lasting relation with anyone that young, not after what Shreve had been to me and the fresh memory of his loss. I did not have the heart or the inclination to build something from nothing. And these two boys, although neat, well built, and nice looking, did not possess that essential something—the something that was present in my symbolic football Adonis or my gallant, knightly Shreve—to galvanize my emotions into pursuit of their affections.

I retired, the matter of the two boys and their implications forgotten. At three that morning my doorbell rang. It was the same boys. They were dangerously drunk, their clothes and naked arms soiled with black grease, their hair in wild tangles. They pushed their way into the foyer and rushed up the stairs to my living room.

"Our car broke down," the one named Riley said, his eyes puffed, protruding from their sockets, his lower lip dripping saliva.

"We need money, lots of money!" the other one cried, as he surveyed the room, gloated over the paintings, awe-struck, even in his inebriation.

"But I gave you the last ten I had tonight," I explained, slipping into a robe.

"You got some stashed away in here," he said, turning from my painting of a matador and charging bull, and glaring at me with a know-it-all expression, his cold, deliberate eyes dancing wickedly. "You're rich, man! Stinking rich!"

"I don't keep money lying around loosely," I declared, my voice firm, final. I wasn't the least bit afraid of them.

The younger one, the best looking, caught hold of my sleeve, as he reeled drunkenly brushing against me.

"Write some checks then."

I explained to them that my bank account was

in another state, and that they would be unable to cash it locally.

"It takes around five days for me to get one cashed," I went on to assure them, or attempt to assure them. "And that's it! You'll just have to wait till morning, or try somewhere else."

The older one turned on me like a madman. Instantly from somewhere in his clothes he brought out a gleaming knife a foot long and jammed it in my face.

"Just write them, Fruity!" he half-screamed between clenched teeth. "We'll get them cashed. That old cocksucker out on Mulberry Lane will cash them for us, or, I'll slit his motherfuckin' throat." He waved the knife in front of me, daringly. "And I'll split yours too, Mister Fine Airs! If you don't do what I ask, see?" His eyes glittered, like a wounded animal's.

"I don't think I have any more blank checks," I said, stalling for time, hopeful of getting my hands on the telephone. It sat on my writing desk. I went over and rummaged through the pigeon-holes. "No, I'm fresh out." I showed him my checkbook.

"We thought of that," he growled, pulling a handful of checks out of his back pocket. "You touch that phone and I'll ram this knife up your ass!"

I let go of the phone. I knew he would, in his drunken condition. Uneasiness crept into me,

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and I began to feel an odd s ıtion in the lower region of my spine, which crawled up between my spoulder blades, tingling my every nerve with tiny individual fears. Though uncertain of what I could do, must do, I continued to stall them.

"Writing checks on banks where I do not carry an account is breaking the law. They would be worthless."

"Who cares!" he spat, looming forward, unsure on his feet, his face glaring, liquor crazed. "Besides ... that's your problem. That old Fruit won't know whether they're any good or not. Once we get a hand on his money, we'll be hell and gone." He slapped the wad of blank checks down on the desk. "Now write!" The knife, gleaming in the dense light, found its way to my throat. He pressed deeper, deeper. The other kid grabbed me by the hair of the head, pushed me over the desk. He shoved a pen in my hand.

"Write out four checks," he demanded. "Two for each one of us."

Though my brain spun, remembrance of what my father once said came to my mind, that if at anytime you're ever held up, do what is asked of you, give anything you own, all you own, if it is demanded from you by the threat of a knife, the point of a gun.

Keeping my head, I wrote out the checks as they instructed me.

In an instant they were bounding down the

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dark stairs. At the door the elder one turned for a crazy moment and glared up at me.

He yelled:

"I still think you're queer!"

I couldn't sleep that night. The following morning I went to an attorney and explained everything that had happened. Within that same week they picked up the two boys. The old man that had cashed the checks for them was an old maidish queen. When he discovered that they were worthless he had informed the law. The boys were apprehended in a cheap motel on the Gulf, shacked up with two bosomy girls.

The boys told the police at headquarters that I had given them the checks for sexual services received. There was a trial. A long, embittered session, involving me with a morals charge. It ran the full gamut in the local newspapers. I was frantic. Nothing like this had ever happened to me. I had never been before the police courts, not even for a traffic ticket, and until the trial I couldn't eat nor sleep.

If I had been guilty of the charge or even partly guilty, I think I would have accepted the accusation with silence, and considered the punishment a justifiable one. After all, my parents had been strict, and I had long since learned that one did not get away with unlawful actions. But to be accused of such a fraudulent misrepresentation of character, a charge of

such seriousness left me chilled. I understood what the articles in the paper would do to my job and the impression it would leave on my employer. I had already been witness to their feelings toward anything unnatural, and I foresaw, even if I was acquitted the wearisome explanations I would have to endure under their "normal" pressuring. All this worry and embarrassment over a casual one night acquaintance. It was enough to shatter my every nerve, and I wondered fretfully how I would react in the courtroom. Many times in the past I had read headlines depicting such charges against men, usually old, against some young male, which gave me a feeling of both sympathy and horror for them. Headlines such as: MAN PICKED UP ON MORALS CHARGE . . . LOCAL BUSINESS EXECUTIVE APPREHENDED FOR UNNATURAL SEX ACT . . . YOUNG MAN CHARGED WITH CARNAL KNOWLEDGE OF LOCAL TEENAGE YOUTH, etc. Now, I was reading my own!

Irresolute, terrified, sick at mind and heart, I considered too my family name. All of us had always been a little too fastidious concerning memory of name and its impression on the community, obsessed with too much pride. I was no exception. I had grown up to believe that family name was dishonored only in payment of personal disgrace—and no man welcomes disgrace.

This would disgrace me, though it had contained no more in its little fraudulent tableau

than the passing of a few words on the tainted subject of sex. It would ruin me, I felt certain, and already I was wearing the hair-shirt of shame, and for a crime not even committed.

To add insult to injury, a representative from my employer's legal department was posted within the courtroom to note the progress in the trial, to determine my guilt or innocence, and whether it would be favorable to the organization to reinstate me in my former job afterwards.

I was placed on trial, that crucial day, before a full house, many of them the most notorious homosexuals in the state, there for no other purpose than to gloat—which is a common fault among the demonoid society.

The defense attorney was young, sharp, immaculately dressed. From his attitude generally, and from the moment after his first question, I knew fatally that he loathed all demonoids and everything they represented. He asked me embarrassing questions such as: What were you wearing when the doorbell rang? Did they see you naked. Did you touch them in any way? Did you put your hands on their legs? Further up? Did they respond? Which of the two boys did you desire most? Did you find both of them good looking? Did you want sex with both of them? Did you consider one of their organs more desirable than the other? Were they both oversized—say, more than the normal, average teen-

age male? After they were undressed, did you size them up sex-wise, take your choice, leaving the other boy sexually unfulfilled? Did the unfulfilled youth then turn on you for this reason? Is it your habit to spurn one male in preference to another when you could have had both? Did they willing consent to your sexual play, or, did you force them to comply?

All these irrevelant questions were aimed purposely to throw me off, to sap my nervous system. Thankfully, I kept my head, once I knew his intentions and purpose.

There were many other questions, which followed the line of the knife and the bad checks, with sex questions spasmodically thrown in to upset my nerves, and numerous other questions pertaining to my position, my background, my interests, my hobbies.

I was kept on the stand from ten that morning until around three that afternoon. During that awesome session, I was subjected to every phase of mental torture: shame, embarrasment, ridicule, mockery, doubt, scorn, tyranny, and worst of all: giggles and wisecracks from the faggots in the audience. By nightfall the jury came to a verdict: the two boys were sentenced to six months for simple robbery. I was acquitted.

Mercifully, I thought. I was completely unaware and unprepared for the life I was to face and endure ahead by the hands of the human-

oids, and their despicable world. But that night, that glorious night when I was acquitted, as I walked out of that courthouse, I felt free, wonderful, elated. I walked to my apartment through the twilight, thinking how fortunate I had been to escape so easily, and thinking of Shreve whom I almost but did not quite betray. On the way home I had to pass the cathedral, so I went inside and said a prayer to thank God for allowing my name to go without taint. And I made a promise to Him that never again would I allow my desires to weaken my logic, to distort my moral values.

I returned to my job, this time a little older, a little more cautious of the world around me. Like the defenseless animal that had been caught in a spring trap and then mercifully set free, I vowed never to .et it happen a second time. I had had a brief taste of the violence, and had become aware of the unguarded pitfalls one of my kind could fall into. I had a vague premonition of the anarchy which lurked out there in the darkness of the future, and I steeled my courage, my fortifications for the deplorable nightmare life I was to face ahead.

The men in the studio had changed. Not that they basically had believed the implications in the first place. Not that they refused to accept ny acquittal as just that, as proof of my innocence. But they now felt they had a plausible

excuse to push me out, so one of them could grab my title and my position.

They had once been politely friendly, moderate always in my presence, stooping a little if necessary if that stooping won them my favor but now they were now silently contemptuous.

The struggle ensued. Their minds became fixed. They seemed determined to degrade everything I said or did. They intended to put me down, publicly if necessary, in my art, my power as supervisor, my personal character, my values as a man, and they were planning to do it because of their conviction that I was a demonoid, despite the court's acquittal, despite the boys being put in prison, despite my former deportment, the person I had been to them before the awesome pageant against my character and all my convictions.

They took the American humanoid system and used it against me to the hilt. They never gave me credit for anything. All that they once had believed good and valuable in me they now denied flatly. They regarded me as if all that I ever had been was now dead, forgotten, or had never been in the first place, and all because of my incident in court. That incident became an apt and terrible tool which they employed without the faintest essence of mercy, and applying the most horrible of weapons in addition: aloofness and silence!

Now, when I truly needed their friendship, their faith in me, they severed all relations with me, all connections, and I was left alone to pull my way back into their good standing. I think they wanted me to beg. I think, in their misguided inflation of superiority, this elevated plateau to which suddenly they had climbed, not through any merit of themselves, but through the degrading of my potentials as their successor, they wanted to brand upon my conscience this hateful preponderance of their complete mastery over me. I think they wanted to remind me of those horrible accusations through their daily rituals of silence and immature charades, to remind me so often that I would come to believe it myself. They, in fact, wanted so much to become my superiors, and believed they were my superiors, that this indictment against me came as a welcomed miracle, bestowed upon them for their use against all that I was, all that I ever could be.

I was older too than they. I had no family like they did, of which they were happily aware, no family to which I could turn for comfort and assurance. It was a battle I would have to fight alone against their four, and they dreamed up all kinds of little tricks to throw me off-guard, to harass me, to belittle me publicly. Being younger and stronger, and I must add colder, they kept me under a constant strain, if not

noticeably on the surface (I managed to remain calm in the studio) then in turmoil underneath. I fought them with every ounce of reserve I could conjure up, desperately striving to keep my balance, to continue in my duties as if no stone in my nature had been overturned, revealing my true feelings beneath. I was acutely unhappy. Made miserable by their determination to undermine me, I was aware every second of the working day of my physical and mental condition. No tortured soul on the rack ever suffered more than I during their long, impossible harassment.

And the worst of it was that they wanted to exile me not so much as a demonoid but as a fellow artist and their supervisor. I was to be forced out of their superior demesne by any method, scrupulous or otherwise, just so I vanished from their midst. I profaned their environment. Too, I showed them up as artists. To rid me would pluck two thorns from their side rather than one.

Bravely, and at times boldly, they began to point out flaws in my artwork, said it showed certain homosexual tendencies, that I dominated my printed brochures with the male figure, and that I rendered him too unnaturally well built, too pretty. They went so far as to suggest that I and others like me deliberately forced a warped personality onto the public through use of the

printed and published art. They also declared that through my artwork I was attempting to send messages to the people, painting in hidden meanings aimed at the young homosexual, messages which would influence the innocence of youth, those normal boys who found something exotic and alluring in my paintings and circulars printed for wide distribution.

These circulars and brochures were harmless, drawn up and catalogued for the historically minded, the tourist, the lovers of nature, But they picked them for flaws like a vulture nibbling at bones. They read into my work things that were just not there. They scorned the beauty in my work as if beauty were a sin in art, a thing taboo, a law of the artist's code. If at any time I decided to use a male to illustrate the intended material rather than a female, they accused me of using preference. If I ever utilized glitter, confetti, satins, garish color, dance themes, night life (cities nightlit) they said these were but reflections of my demonoid nature.

At the time, one of the Catholic churches was being redecorated. In keeping with custom, the church always employed a well known artist from Italy or France, an artist with a famous name to do the work. On this particular year they sought a local artist. Every artist of any prominence, and even those who were not, ap-

plied. It not only meant prestige but eighteen thousand dollars as well. The four men in my studio pitched into the contest, and I followed suit. I felt that if I could win the contract, the commission to design and paint every wall and ceiling in this beautiful church, I could quit my present position and take up free lance art.

I had read the Bible since early childhood, and I had a storehouse of data concerning religion collected over the years as material for a book I intended to write. I buckled down to the task, made several enormous paintings, and settled on the one I had rendered in tempera of Christ on the cross. There were many symbols dispersed within the painting, the glory of Rome, the washing of Pilate's hands, the veil, the altar, bread and wine, the dice, Jesus' seamless garment, the dove of peace, the burning away of the old world in making way for the new. I used only the richest of tones, similar to those in other cathedrals. I was very proud of it. On the day of the showing I was filled with elation. This would not only elevate me as an artist but would, as well, lift the veil of degradation since my trial and acquittal. This was my "come back" item, and I was desperate to win.

The men in the studio took one hasty look at it and said openly that the only reason I had done it was that the subject represented the

necessary excuse for me to paint a male body naked.

I was appalled!

One of the men in the studio was related to one of the three bishops who were to judge and decide on the works. The bishop was informed of the "purpose" behind my painting. As the judges went from painting to painting, they gave each one the most careful, deliberate scrutiny. When they got to mine they did not even favor it with a glance.

I was sick. Though Christ was impaled naked on the cross, I had not painted him thusly. I had painted on a "soudoro" the sole undergarment of the Jew during the era of Christ.

Irresolute, genuinely angered and embittered now, I did not know which way to turn. After that, the word began to spread. It was bad enough that I was a demonoid, imposing my despicable nature on people forced to work with and under me, but to carry my personality, my beliefs on into the realm of religion! That was too much!

Catholics always have been and are touchy about their chosen faith, and I had insulted their sensitive natures by even publicly placing on display a subject so abhorred. And most of the people with whom I worked, some six hundred, were Catholic.

With that one art showing the four men in my

studio won more ground, I thought then, than I would ever have the courage to regain. I worried constantly. I began to make mistakes in my work, and all under their silent goading, their ever-watchful hopeful eyes. Worse, I developed a terrible inferiority complex. Everytime someone came into the studio, everytime I went down a hall, used the elevator, had coffee or lunch in the cafeteria I felt every eye was upon me, every voice saying "I know what you are!" I could almost hear them scream the words. I prayed for a hole to crawl into. I dreaded going to work in the morning, when once I had loved it. I hated meeting new people, for I felt they had been "given the word" by the other humanoids and loathed me for my depraved condition.

I felt like a chased animal, like a fox chased by hounds, hundreds of ferocious hounds, not going swiftly, cleverly with the wind, but doubling back into it, giving myself away. Everywhere I went they were there, staring at me, eager, I thought, to close in upon me, to tear me piecemeal and to fling my bones to the pack.

With a faith, thankfully instilled in me since infancy, the pride of manhood and family name, I did not relent. I went bravely on, bloody but unbowed.

It is said that all agony has an ending, that time heals all wounds, so I played out my balance of courage with time. Like a starving man

who divides his remaining food bit by bit, day by day, so did I stretch my fortitude. A pinch each day, doling out just enough to get around them, to pacify them, to hold them off until the next day. What then?

What would become of me when my courage played out?

I didn't know. I didn't even dare think. I realized I could have given up my position, played into their schemes, gone to another city.

I could have vanished from their lives forever. But I regarded running away from the truth a weakness rather than a virtue. So, I decided to stick it out. I had worked hard at my position to gain my present status, and I had introduced phases of art into the studio which had given us state and sometimes national publicity. At my age, I had no intention of casting this aside, to begin anew. It had all been gained by honest, hard work, and I was enough of an optimist to believe that right would prevail. That to do good results in good. It was at times an almost impossible philosophy to apply, but I tried to hang on, tooth and nail.

I was like a drowning man, trying to hang on. Every time my head popped up out of the water and I gasped for air, I was again pushed under. And I feared that if they kept pushing me under I would eventually drown, no matter how strong I was, how determined. There is just so much the

human faculties can stand. Then something has to give.

At least, after working hours and the daily tasks were done, I did have peace at my apartment at night.

But that, too, was short-lived.

Within three months after the two boys were sentenced to one of the state prisons they were released for good behavior. It was the beginning of the end for me. I had planned to go on a much needed trip, and a long sought one, to visit one of my brothers who lived in Tampa whom I had not seen in over ten years. I went on a clothes buying spree. One evening just a little after dusk I was walking home from one of the local clothing stores. I was already beyond the main business section and taking my time walking around the metal cyclone fence of the high school grounds when a car, on passing me, put on its brakes, coming to a screeching halt. Someone shouted my name and, before I could turn around to see who it was the two boys from prison jumped me. They beat me unmercifully. One had a stick, or car wrench, and as I was beaten I naturally retreated backwards, warding off the terrific blows, and fell against one of the upright iron fence posts set into concrete foundations. Both my eyes were blackened. My lips were cut, bruised. A huge knot rose on the back of my head, just below my left ear, and the

result has been a constant ringing of my ears, which the doctors cannot seem to arrest, and my left eye, at intervals. especially when I am fatigued, flashes a series of white, hot lights, like the flashes of light you see on Roman candles on the fourth of July.

That time, I did not call the police. I did not want to go through the long hours of questioning, the harassment, the accusations I had gone through at first. And I did not want a "second" offense attached to the previous one by the men in the studio. I knew what they would add to it, anything to make it look worse than it was, certainly including that sex angle, so I kept quiet. Thankfully, I had already applied for leave of absence in order to visit my brother in Florida, so I spent that next two weeks lying on the beach, wearing sunglasses around the clock, and avoiding human contact until my face healed—or until the wounds healed. My face and head have not healed to this day.

I had gone through war, through four major campaigns without a single scratch—but now this! Though my head has been X-rayed from all angles, there are times, especially when weariness or worry assails me, when the left side of my face feels as though it is just not there, and that my left eye stares through some kind of vacuum, suspended in a dark void. All the bitterness, the revenge those two boys no doubt har-

bored while in prison for three months, they took out on me with fists and wrench.

Since that fatal evening I have undergone an incredible amount of harassment—a trial almost at times unbearable. Obviously they told every boy they knew, and some they did not know. My apartment was victimized both day and night. Boys in fleeing cars threw stones, bottles, beer cans, and sticks. They would whizz by my place shouting coarse words and the worst kind of profanity at the top of their lungs. They have braved to come upon the terrace, to ring the doorbell. The landlord threatened them with calling the police, and upon a number of occasions, in the late hours of the night, they have kicked or smashed in the glass panelling of my front door and have tried to reach the night-latch. Fires have been set at the front door, where firemen had to be called, and windows have been smashed with hurled rocks. On the streets I have been stopped hundreds of times by some punk I have never seen before and always with the same question:

"Are you that fuckin' queer that had my two buddies put in jail? Lay off, you old bastard! Get it . . . see?"

It is warning enough. There no longer seems any safe place to go. In movie houses I have been harassed by four or five at a time who sit completely around me: in front, in the rear, and

on each side of me, keeping up such a commotio I have to get up and leave. If I go to a cafe an they see me they will sit at my table, order foo charge it to me. On any dark street, or eve those dimly lit, four or five of them at a time, they chance to spot me, try to relieve me of m watch, my rings, or anything on my person tha is valuable. I cannot go into a drugstore withou having them follow me from counter to counte voicing wisecracks and jeers. I do not dare leav my car at any of the downtown service station for fear that some of them will recognize it an damage it in some way. If I decide to brave al odds and go to a bar I usually get only as far a the door then back out, breaking out in a cold sweat as I think of who might be inside, in that semi-darkness, to harass me, ridicule me, and do me bodily harm.

My working hours have been transformed into a living hell by the four men employed under me, and the nights have become some kind of night-mare. There is never a moment to breathe freely in the confines of the studio, without being under constant surveillance, without feeling their omi-nous presence hovering over me, watching my every move, waiting expectantly for some flaw in my mannerisms, my speech, some weakness in my armor. And at night, during all hours, and at any hour the nerve-wracking sounds of the door-bell, the shadowy presence of a form trying to

force the door, at times hoarse voices calling up to me, profane, obscene. Weary from the long trials at the studio, my defenses broken, my strength subdued, I awaken at any sound, even the slightest and, in blind terror, groping in the darkness go drunkenly to the head of the stairs and stare down the pit of blackness, thinking I hear hard rough hands on the door knob, the sound of timber creaking, glass breaking. And even in my dreams, when I sleep at all, I dream that the front door is made of cardboard, and I see it there being caved in, see grotesque, hairy bodies inching their way through, see them creeping up the stairs to my bedside, and I leap up just in time, my body trembling, wet with sweat, my heart bumping against my ribs like a live thing inside me trying to get out. And the next morning I go to the studio sodden with fatigue and repeat the same thing all over again, and back at night to lock myself in with two keys, night latches and a chain lock, then to toss and turn, awaiting the inevitable tragedy that is destined to come.

Nightmare upon nightmare! And unreal world with no ending, so unreal you think you'll wake up to find it not a reality at all. But it is real! Horribly, nightmarishly real! And you live it twenty four hours each day, whether sleeping or waking or in nightmare. You live it, and with apprehension and anxiety as if you're on the run,

fleeing from someone, something, some horrible something that stays just at your heels, not quite reaching you, but close! So dangerously, overwhelmingly close!

You run through life with a bursting heart, being chased by phantoms, sometimes those in your mind and those who are real, all too real, and there is no escape. Ever!

For us, the demonoid, there is no escape!

You pray for one hour of rest, of peace, but it never comes! You are surrounded by humanoids, and they force you to live their life, and refuse to live yours, even a part, even momentarily.

Now, I know there is no place I can go where I can be myself—free, to live, and to think as I long to live and think, if for but one hour. And when I pray for this hour I think: they, the noble humanoids have twenty four hours each day to live as they please, when I am deprived of even one . . . one hour that I could close off from the humanoid world, like a dark curtain drawn around a secret alcove, a quiet place where I can breathe in peace, where I can lick my wounds, where I can rearm for the future. I long for this one hour to replenish my soul, refill my body and mind for the courage I will need ahead.

It is an hour denied! I must go on in this frantic, desperate chase! I must keep running, stay ahead of them, remain myself until I drop.

Like one desperate demonoid related to me

once. A limp wristed faggot, miserable with self-hatred, clinging to the frailest vestment of life, his will to go on, despite the odds. I will never forget that night, or what he told me, and the nightmare life had become for those many others of our kind.

We were seated on a protruding apron of little wrought-iron stairs leading up one side of the Dutch Boy Lounge. It was late, during the fall of the year and the chill wind, lifting the limbs of the live oak trees flanking the building where we sat, flung eerie dark shadows against us and over the old brick wall, shadows like the swift, darting wings of enormous bats. The metal awnings in front rattled ominously, and the neon sign, swinging on iron rings, squeaked and groaned miserably.

"I'm through," he moaned, sobbing bitterly into his hands, his rasping voice more frightening than the squeaking signs in the wind driven night. "I don't ever intend to pick up a straight again. Ever!"

"You will," I assured him, thinking of my own life, the things I continued to go on doing, despite my principals, my numerous oaths, vows to myself.

"No! Not ever!" he insisted, rattling his drink, sniffling girlishly. "That bastard didn't have to hit me—not the way he did—just cause I flirted with him a little. Why the hell did he go

in the Dutch Boy if'n he didn't want to get made? Damn those cute butch numbers anyway! Think they're shit on a painted stick! If they don't want to be flirted with, they oughta stay outa the Dutch Boy. There's plenty other places they can go, and we don't have any place to go but here, and that nellie Purple Guitar!"

He was right I knew, but I answered him in the negative.

"They're just kids, mostly. Thrill seekers. Curiosity seekers. Wanting to be made—some of them—but not publicly. Not in front of their buddies, their so called tough companions." Then I added: "You shouldn't be so forward, Linny, so obvious with them."

"Obvious, hell!" he flung back, sloshing his drink on my black leather toboggan jacket. "How can you keep from being obvious in a place meant to be obvious in. This is our place, man, ours and all the other sick queens in this lousy town, not the straights! They have their own places to go." He gulped a swallow of his drink, screwed up his face wretchedly, and went on wrathfully. "Isn't it hell enough being what we are? Day in and day out, living their kind of life, doing what they ask, pretending things we don't feel, saying things we don't mean, acting ways we don't understand, all just to pacify them, to keep them from finding out about us. And at night, just for a few hours to escape it all,

to act as we feel like acting, we come here. And what do you have? The straights invading us, depriving us, standing guard over us like we were lower than snakes!"

"It's just something we have to face," I found myself saying, and with equal bitterness, looking back sadly over my own life, seeing the doom of it in the future, in places like this Dutch Boy Lounge and the Purple Guitar, our only seeming retreats from the world that did not want us, and perhaps would never want us. I thought too of the misery of these places, like so many similar places throughout the United States, places with a brand of unhappiness and tragedy all their own. Branding chutes, I termed them, corrals where we were all herded together, easy pickings for the hateful curious-minded, the street punks looking for an easy buck, hustlers out to score, and the avengers who could and did torment us no end, in posse groups standing guard at the entrance-ways, waiting until a demonoid went in or out and grabbing him for their malicious entertainment.

I looked at Linny sitting on the steps beside me in the half-darkness, the most cruelly accused of our society, his girlish face wrenched as if from stark inner pain, his long tapering fingers fidgeting with his drink and a soft handkerchief which he kept dabbing at his painted eyes. I felt sorry for him—deeply, profoundly sorry, and the

awesome part of it was that there was nothing I could do to help him, not even to give advice. For advice could not reshape his womanish body, nor rearrange his mind.

"I don't expect them to leap into the air and turn cartwheels, honestly," he said in a whimper, his tear-rimmed eyes locked on a herd of young punks filing out of the lounge and getting into a cut-down roadster. They went out into the street with a shrieking of tires, the horn blaring triumphantly. "Advertising our shame!" he said, pointing at them. "Attracting attention to this place! God damn them anyway!" His voice shrieked worse than the beat up roadster, shrieked like that of a witch pronouncing our doom, and praying for theirs.

"Suppose they had to live like we do—just for one day—then they'd realize how we feel. Liking girls, suppose they had to dress like women and pretend to like men. They would hate it, miserably. Just as we hate it day in and day out, dressing like men, pretending to like women, when we are truly women ourselves!" His voice railed on remorsefully, rich in self-pity, as if he had seen the handwriting on the wall, and was destined to read it aloud to others, as some kind of unthinkable warning. "They couldn't stand it —the straights—for they haven't got the guts! They don't have our kind of patience, our courage, living like this day by day, year by year.

They don't know what it's like living two lives and at the same time putting up with their silly shit! I tell you, I'm fed up," he whispered gratingly, bowing his tear-stained face in his trembling hands. "There's no help for me. I can't stand going to bed with a giddy faggot. It's like going to bed with another woman. I'm stuck with the he-men! I'm hung up on them for life—the unmerciful sons-of-bitches!"

He echoed my own dilemma, one with which I was doomed and, sitting there beside him, listening to him declare himself openly, cutting away everything except his true self, I saw it clearly, frighteningly, as if I was gazing at an electric chair to which I was to be condemned. The dark future ahead I saw, and almost with a shudder, as he cried gravely, protestingly, from the deepest recesses of his heart:

"I know I'll never find a lover, not a real man lover, and that's the frightful part. Oh, one-night stands maybe, if I have the dough to pay them, a casual smile, an arm around my shoulder, maybe, if I consider myself lucky. But I ask you, I honestly ask you. "What guy—a real he-man I mean who likes women—what guy would ever fall in love with a giddy faggot?"

I could not answer. And as I sat there staring into the wind-driven night, at the light-speckled entranceway flushing out young handsome high-school males, obviously curiosity seekers out on

the town for a lark, I felt deeply the utter hopelessness, the desperate desolation of it all. I knew what Linny said was the truth, the absolute truth. What would a man want with an old faggot? He would be ashamed to be seen with him in public. They would have to meet in secret, never openly, which would be no life at all. Seeing the utter futility of it all, hearing it put into tearful words, seeing the night driven with wind and shadow, I thought of Shreve, and a shadow flung itself across my own mutilated heart.

He had cared for me then. I knew! Or, I thought I knew. Seated there on the little metal steps, obsessed, wrung of the glittering fever of the night, gored by Linny's dreadful words, his falsetto voice crying to the vanquished, watching the swiftly moving shadows of the trees flinging impressions of their dimensions against the old brick slave wall, I saw Shreve's face. His glorious, loving face flashed across my mind, this light-splashed building, these young boys pouring like Olympian gods from the façaded entrance. And I wondered, almost frantically, what would he think of me now, after all these years? Would he still love me? Would he deplore me?

Like Linny said, who would want an old faggot?

I shuddered at the thought. My whole body shook, as if I was on the verge of a convulsion.

And as Linny rambled on, his voice but a sound in the chilled night, a sound indistinguishable, I thought of the night the marines had raped me, and the wondrously brave effort Shreve had made to save me. That seemed a thousand years ago now. I thought of the morning after and of those horrid, glazed eyes of the marines who had taken me so drunkingly, a little remorseful then, a little docile, regretfully, but saying nothing—just staring at me sitting in the sand in pain—staring like stupid apes, skirting me as if I had some dreadful disease, and how the loving, concerning arms of Shreve had gone protectively around me, lifting me up, and helping me through the wet jungle to Craig Road and to Battalion sick bay, the rapers slowly trailing single file, lumbering lazily, thick-headed, like defiant gorillas after a kill.

Yes, Shreve loved me. I had to hang onto that! I had to believe. I had to keep on believing in something, someone. Not like Linny, perched on the very edge of doom, looking dizzily down on a world he longed for desperately, but would never have.

Frail though were my memories, my hold onto Shreve, like a bit of lovely ribbon shredded by age and constant handling, like an old snapshot of a loved one in a billfold, its corners dog-eared, its slick surface dulled, faded, but nevertheless real, when only to glance at it heralds back

precious lost memories. I had to clutch at something, to hang on tooth-and-nail to the frail remnant that this kind of life held, if secretly, hope, fulfillment, joy, and happiness. I had to keep his memory, and my cherished memories of him intact, alive. I could not, would not, let them die. They were the only relics of that awesome, but beautiful, era I cherished, and I clung to them there in my heart, telling them over like a priest saying the rosary.

If I let that slip, then everything would go. And like Linny, I would hover above the dark pit, waiting to be pushed in.

I felt strongly that the life of the demonoid could not, and was not meant to be totally a disaster of the heart, a decaying of the mind and spirit. I felt that, if nature had proposed that it exist, then nature, perhaps unknowingly to us, the demonoid, had also proposed some worthwhile outlets in its great laboratory. All other forms of life had their pleasures, their measures of peace, their goals.

Why should the demonoid be denied?

What had the demonoid done? What great unthinkable crime had he committed upon those of his own kind, or upon all mankind, in the early, dark stages of evolution that he should be subject now to so much torture and revolt and lasting exile?

I had no answer for these all important ques-

tions—not just yet—and though I still clung to my shreds of Shreve, nourishing them, protecting them, keeping them burning with life in my lonely, vacant heart, I had been dully awakened by what Linny had said. And I saw the futility of it.

When even marriage and children did not work successfully among the humanoids, how could a demonoid expect it to work when he was an object instinctively repulsed by the humanoid society? Like Linny, most of them didn't expect it. But they had to live somehow. So they lived it desperately, like I lived it, snatching bits of life, precious moments of love, of sex, like driven, defenseless animals. Forever exiled, turned away bitterly, guidingly, sometimes maliciously, they took their bits of happiness on the run, a physical happiness, without having or taking time to win the love of the heart and the spirit.

But I clung to the desperate alternative that love could be won and owned, even by the demonoid.

A vague proof of this turned up unexpectly one day through a conversation I had with one of the men in my studio, a tiny speck of proof, but nontheless proof!

And strange that it should come from him, who was so desperately eager to put me down, one of the gallant humanoid leaders who had spear-headed the malicious, silent attack on me

to force from my long worked-for and cared-fo position.

It was one Saturday morning. He came by my apartment to tell me that a party he was giving for a number of the employees was being called off. (They always did this, each exactly the same, and I went along with their excuse, although I always found out later that the party had gone on without my presence—which was the way they had planned it in the first place. I didn't mind, or pretended that I didn't. I had grown inured to it, just as I had hardened my reserves concerning other juvenile regards for my talents, my personality. I tried to hold no grudge. They were merely, as humanoids, upholding the creeds of their vanglorious society.)

While we were having coffee, and after we had gone through the usual ritual of greetings, our job, the weather, the coming football season, the promised war, the elections, he braved to ask the all important question, now that he and I were safely alone.

"Are you really queer?"

I was not shocked. I knew it was bound to be asked by one, if not all of them who worked under me. It had burned in them like a cancer for months, and restraint had been dissolved in this younger, weaker one, though I had to admit, the more understanding one of the four—if any humanoid is understanding where a demonoid is

concerned. They have a mental block, which they employ silently and unmercifully.

"Why do you ask?" I answered, answering his question with a question. I did not become flustered. The courts had taught me to be fortified at all times. Over the years I had developed a protective armor for all humanoids, and I wore it continuously.

He stared at his feet embarrassed, now that the horrid question had come out—to lie almost squirming on the floor.

"Well, I like you. I really do. I have always considered you a nice person, not like any—er—queer I've ever met."

"Do I act queer?"

"No you don't. That's what puzzles me. Everyone says you are a queer, but . . ."

"Who is everyone?" I came back sharply.

He jumped.

"Oh, everyone at the office," he answered shyly, reluctantly, hanging his head again. "They all say it, think it, I guess." He dared to lift his eyes, looked at me, a know-it-all look, which all but infuriated me. My blood always boiled when I was being accused by a humanoid of anything no matter how trivial, and I glared right back.

"Would you answer me one question?" I asked directly, still eying him coldly. I set my coffee cup on the cocktail table with a bang.

"Yes," he came back readily, cooperating fully.

"Have I at any time that you know of, said one word or done one thing that would suggest to you that I am queer?"

"Why—no, you haven't, ever," he answered readily, without having to give himself time to think out my question. "You have always acted manly, you have good manners, you were in the war, the marines. That's what I don't understand about it all."

"And you have no war record do you?" I spat, unmannerly then I think for the first time in his presence. It was cruel, but he was crueler.

"No, I didn't have to go," he muttered, his blue eyes shifting quiltily.

"You mean you didn't join," I added, coldly.

"You can put it that way, I guess," he said, trying to laugh a little, but miserably. "Anyway, as I said, I do like you, and I don't want to really think, to believe . . ."

"That I'm a queer," I finished for him. "Then, if you don't want to believe it, why do you?"

"I don't know. Really. I guess it's 'cause the others believe it, and that thing about you in court. It makes a man suspicious."

"I was acquitted, you know," I explained, though I knew it would never be explanation enough, not after enduring what I had endured

at their hands afterwards. "The boys were found guilty, sentenced, and they are out, free, I might add. So it should die at that. If you so-called normal people would let it die."

He gave me a sheepish look. Fumbled for a cigarette.

"I know. Looks like everyday somebody brings up the subject. Or, somebody cracks a queer joke then it all gets started again. I do feel bad about it at times. I don't think you rightfully deserve all the jabs you're getting. I feel that a man has a right to be what he wants to be. It's no one's business but his, really. It's your business."

I shot him a hot look.

"Then you do believe . . .?"

"I—well," he stammered, trying to find proper words. "I do and I don't. If the other guys would just lay off."

"Why don't you be your own judge and jury?"

"It's not that easy, believe me." He straightened in his seat on the white leather divan, as if finding new courage. He gave a swift, neat puff on his cigarette and went on. "It's not easy for me, riding the fence. If I object to what they say, what they think, then automatically I become in their eyes what they're accusing you of, as if I am purposely defending you. I want to be a normal man. I want to have normal friends, men I can go out with, have a few drinks, go hunting

and fishing with, without everybody accusing me of contributing—or something filthy like that."

Following that I had to ask:

"Tell me something, Jeff. Did you like me before the trial? Did you consider me manly? A good friend then? Someone you would be proud to go out with?"

He answered flatly:

"Why of course! I thought you were one of the nicest guys I ever met. I would have been proud to be seen with you anywhere. In fact, honored."

I gave him a questioning look.

"Then why the difference now? I'm still the man I was then. I haven't changed, in looks or in ideas."

"I don't know," was all he could answer, hanging his head, puffing nervously on his cigarette. "I just honestly don't know."

"Look, Jeff. Whatever I am, whatever I was, I still am and I always will be. If you liked me, considered me a friend, would it make any difference what I desired sexually, so long as I did not impose my taste on you or your other friends? Are you going to shut me out of everything? Are you going to denounce all the fine qualities you thought I had just on account of this one tiny item about me, this one so-called flaw?"

"I guess so," he said, still hanging his head.

He picked up his coffee cup and gulped down a swig. "Honestly. You may not think I am telling the truth, but I am. I don't care about myself, my own pride. But it's what the other guys think that concerns me. You know what they're always saying about fruits, queers. I have my son to raise. I have to think of him. I'd like you to come to parties, really I would, but what's a guy to do or say? I like you better than I do any of them, but . . ."

"But you have to hang onto them for decency's sake," I suggested, a little coldly.

"Something like that," he said, giving me a steady gaze, the first real manly look he had given since he entered the apartment. "I realize it's unfair to you. Even if you were a queer. You're a nice guy and I do think you're a man, even if they don't."

"Refuse to believe, you mean," I cried, shaken that regardless of my merits, I was to be denounced without justification. "You're not really calling off the party, are you, Jeff? It's just that you can't invite me, on account of what the others will say."

He was silent for a moment, his eyes fixed on the distance, as if he saw how despicable he was and loathed himself for it.

"Do you care anyway?" he asked at last, and his wavering blue eyes found mine, wistfully,

coquettish. "I mean, do you really give a damn whether you come to our parties or not?"

At first, I was lost for an answer, having been ground repeatedly beneath their immaculate "normal" heels. But as I sat across the table from him, studying him, reading what lay at the top of his mind, my answer began to clarify itself in the alternative I would in a moment more bring myself to reveal. Bitterly I thought of the numerous times I had done special artwork for various charitable organizations and how, upon agreeing politely to do the work for them, I had heard that upon completion I would be invited to annual dinners, presentation awards, or retirement testimonials. Then after the work was handed in, the invitations never arrived. I thought too of a number of "normal" parties I had attended before my acquittal, and how I had loathed their mixed jokes, their vulgar charades, their canceling out of everything essential for a good party by bloating the affair on the topic of sex, wife swapping, pajama games, coarse examples of paramouring, the infantile immaturity of adults. I thought too of homosexual parties I had attended, where the topic of sex was rarely if ever raised, and the party had gone off smoothly with the calm discussions of world affairs, war, politics, sports, the theatre and fashions.

I gave him a long steady look. after I had summoned my answer.

"No," I said lowly, but with profound meaning. "No, Jeff, I don't really give a damn about your parties." Then I put him down badly, paying him back in his own coin. "I've had my share of your kind of affairs. Abstract artists and negro civil rights leaders, bearded sculptors and numastro pupils, flower children and the hippies, faith healers and psychic dominance readers, your underground masters, your prophets, your spiritmongers, all you consider cosmopolitan and modern and normal. Good day!"

He rose from the divan, a little crestfallen, his brave and gallant masculinity impaired. It bludgeoned his sense, and he could not comprehend, I'm certain, why a demonoid would not jump at the chance to attend one of his "normal" affairs. At the door he paused, gave me an uneasy look.

"You won't say anything to the other guys that I was here, will you?" he asked, like a favor a married man might request of a whore, in fear of being caught.

"I wouldn't think of it," I answered, low but final. "I wouldn't want ANYONE knowing YOU were in MY apartment!"

It struck home.

Hurt, I had to admit, but I learned something from his visit. The humanoid too had his caste system, his fears, and his prejudices. He wanted to be friends, whether I was "queer" or not. But he feared the consequences. He too wanted

persecution of his male friends and acquaintances. He did not possess either the freedom or the courage to dictate to his own passions. He was not man enough to stand up for his beliefs, therefore a weakling in my eyes.

But all humanoids are not weaklings, and there are some among them who stand up for their convictions and despite heavy odds.

There is one such man who works in the same building where I am employed. His name is Nick, and he is in topographical mapping. Of German descent, he is strong and clean and blond, his hair shiny and neatly brushed, his manner deeply masculine and calm.

Hearing of my trial acquittal, he came by my studio to pay his respects. We became immediate friends. I learned, through his great confidence in me, that he had mingled spasmodically in the "gay" life while still in high school, but later had rejoined the "normal" society, had married a beautiful Italian and had four beautiful sons. He readily understood my plight and we came ultimately to discuss the differences in the two societies. Too, we exchanged literature we had on the subject, gave each other helpful advice, and thrashed out our views.

I began to look forward to his visits, usually at lunch time when the other four men were out, and he, like me, understood and felt deeply the

unjustified pattern to which the demonoid was subjected.

During the summer months, that three months of school vacations, our organization hired some two hundred or more students with state aid funds. These were usually boys, fresh out of high school and ready for their first term in college or trade school.

They were a dehumanizing group!

These students, most of them nice looking, superbly built, some with long hair and all of them wearing mod attire, come each summer, and with vandalistic attitudes they invade the offices, the cafes, the work-rooms and hallways in the building where they are employed. At this writing and during this past summer (1967), they have become something of a threat, a warning to the demonoid of what is to come in the future, what is to be expected of the young, and many times available, mod student.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. And these students, mostly enlightened by their athletic coaches, and the callow experience they have picked up from older boys and among city streets, are using their scant knowledge as a malicious tool against the demonoid society. They invade the offices with one purpose in mind, the degradation and humiliation of the demonoid whom they purposely seek out, ruin, destroy. With deliberate malice they seek out

these demonoid men employed with them, go ou with them, then through blackmail or threat they set about extorting money and loot and causing the ruination of their accepted paramour.

Many demonoids employed in the building fall easy victim to these young maruading scavengers. And each year there are rumors of blackmail, disgrace, and firings.

Singly, and in packs, they pursue a certain victim. Firstly, they find out all they can about him. Sometimes this is through some tattling know-it-all, like the four men in my studio, or through some giddy queen jealously trying to put down the more masculine demonoids. Once they are acquainted or, once they have "spotted" a demonoid, they victimize him in one of two ways: give him the come-on sign that they are willing and available or, if this does not work, they chastize him, writing obscene notes which they leave on his desk in full view of various people who might come by. Obscene notes and threatening signs are plastered on cars in the building's parking area, and there are numerous telephone calls to the victim, either during work hours or at his home.

Mainly, they try to gain and hold the selected demonoid's attention through lure, posing as free-lance hustlers, hard working students short of cash for the coming semester, car parts,

clothes, or just easy spending money. Once the selected victim has complied they have him unmercifully hooked. They move in for more money, or threaten to tell all so that he will be humiliated, disgraced before his fellow employees, or fired. It is usually the latter.

Sometimes a setup is worked out. If a demonoid is fascinated by a certain student that student agrees to go to his apartment at a fixed time. There are five or six others close by. At a signal from the "love boy" the others move in, demanding, or else they won't stay quiet.

I have watched these students work for days, even weeks pursuing or, actually paying court, to some prospective client, usually an elderly man with a family and on good salary, before they are successful enough in hooking him. And I have seen it duplicated almost exactly, especially if the victims are old, unattractive men whose prime weakness is young good-looking boys. And there are many such.

Present styles disguise even a homely boy, and their adapted mannerisms are perfect. They have learned the stance, the talk, the never failing lingo, and they have some natural charms of their own which they use skilfully.

Many are unbelievably evil.

Thick headed, extremely narrow minded, influenced by the family and church, instinctively geared to the notion that anything not male or

female is freakish, unclean, immoral. These are the worst.

Having no desires for loot or money or, if not wise enough nor clever enough to pursue the objective, once they have tagged a suspect they start in immediately ridiculing him publicly. They regard a friendly hello from an older man, a casual wink, a pat on the shoulder as an invitation, and I have seen numerous innocent men pulled into their vicious circle for doing no more than that. For some unknown reason, there is a fixed impression in the young that homosexuality exists only among the old and, while they are degrading, accusing, exiling those who are older, they are accepting the young homosexuals among their own age groups, allowing them to wander freely within the borders of their beastly circle, their vandal packs. If this subject is ever discussed, the young punks reply defensively with: "Well, that's the way he dresses." Or: "It's his hair style that makes him look gay, not that he is," condoning youth because it is youth, and condemning age because it is age.

Youth is no excuse for arrogance, but if that ever held any lasting meaning for today's mod students they lost it somewhere among their hair curlers and their flowered parasols.

They are arrogant, cruel, malicious, deadly vain and unaccountable for their mischief. They do their dirty work and go free, armed and

secure in the knowledge that they can do a repeat performance. What they consider valuable has no value. What they regard as essential has no basic foundation in their scheme of life, their attitudes toward man and the world are devoid of honesty, loyalty, gallantry, and honor.

"They are a gang of dirty little punks," Nick related to me one day at noon as he and I sat at my desk in the studio discussing the subject over oatmeal and coffee. "Do you know what one of them asked me a while ago in the hall? Wanted to know where you lived, your telephone number, if you lived alone, and so on."

"You didn't tell him?"

"You know I didn't! I'd let them cut out my tongue first! That's all they want, then they'll set you you up for a killing!"

I knew they would. The boy in question and his "gang" worked directly outside my studio, and every time my door was opened one or all of them were constantly peering at me through the entrance. Their smiles were fixed, like a mannikin's, their eyes shot with natural, whimsical glitter, their bodies hawking their wares in the way they stand, they way they sit, their crotches pretentiously exposed by the careful selection of their tight hopsack-weave jeans, light comanche models with Bolera pockets, lasta-belt slacks with matching Italian knit shirts, gossamer pullovers. And their hair styles too are fashioned for

this identical purpose: to make them "attra tive" to older men.

Of course, much of this goes on undetected. T many or, shall I say most, especially among th fixed habitual phantasy of the humanoid society they are but innocent boys of their times, flaw less in their fashions, cute because they are s young, capricious because of the soft, abundan world in which they exist.

But there is, and with abundance, a maliciou undercurrent flowing madly within them. Tha they seek to destroy those of their own kind men far their superiors, both in talent and intel lect, is indeed a despicable thing. But they ar wildly guilty of this, and this current move through their beautiful bodies like a flamin reptile, deadly vicious, as lethal as murder and a horrible as incest.

And they go on unchallenged and unchecked like mischievious boys destroying useless toys.

No one stops them—not their teachers, thei parents, not even the law—and their destructive attitudes have reached alarming proportions o the wildest abandon. They are growing, both in number and in viciousness and, like a plague of locusts they leave nothing in their path. And the sad irony of it all is that, despite the destruction, the degradation, the sorrow and heartache, in spite of all this they are enjoying it!

They are taking self-indulgent pride in luring

(like a woman) the demonoid into their opalescent limbos, then in victimizing them once the sexual exhilaration has waned. Relying on their physical powers and their cunning, and more cruelly on the sickness of their victims, they hunt them down like Lorelei charming the sailors of the deep, and charm them to their destruction.

There is a vast army of them, moving like gods from mount Olympus, armored in black cabretta, silver chains, ancient helmets, suede vests, hip-hugging slacks, Dutch Boy caps, Tom Jones cotton shirts with gold-shaded polka dots, shining brass epaulettes, high heeled boots, and in hair styles ranging from David to Appollo Belvedere, from Caesar to Dandies on the Thames. All criminals with sex symbols dangling from their ensembles, their most gifted ammunition, their victorious goal: the mortification of man.

I see them everywhere, prowlng the streets, stealthy in the shadows, guarding street corners, staunch, untiring vigilantes decorating the cave-like entrance to bars, lounges, seated in the park, their flowered parasols sifting out the hot sun, fingering their worry beads, dabbing at their melting make-up, reclining along the lake front in the city park, reading poetry, sunning, with daisy chains in their long hair, asleep on the velvety grass or high on weed, their leather jackets like a second skin, strumming wornout guitars,

humming, laughing foolishly, goggling the mini-skirted girls with doll hair, picking their noses, scratching their crotch publicly, groping, advertising! When a demonoid chances to pass, hip-swaying it down the boulevard, see them in gang huddles at the fountain, idling their hours until they can score, male minikins of sex, lying with men, giving their most precious thing in life while their horrid little minds are plotting, lifting their glorious loins and parting their smooth thighs for a cigarette, a buck, a can of beer, a night's lodging, then revenge, strangulation, sometimes murder!

I see their faces too in this long nightmare invasion. Faces that both haunt me and thrill me. Faces like Christ under the canopy of long golden hair, neatly trimmed beards, faces like Zeus and David, girlish faces like the mannikins in dress shop windows. I see these faces too in the darkness of bars and lounges, grim, determined, faces eaten up in the blackness, swallowed in clouds of smoke, dim as if from some other world. I see fresh faces like the clean faces of those freshly born, and faces grown tired, decadent, weary of long usage, as if, having been admired so long, the lustful gazes alone have eaten away their expressions, their lost beauty. I see faces too that blend love and hatred, innocence and guilt, gullibility and depravity, faces hungry from want and faces having wanted and

had too much, and faces with bright shining eyes like those of starving children, faces that know nothing of love but everything of rebellion, that know nothing of sex but everything of anarchy, faces that glow with the arduous declaration that they have given once and will give again, and faces that—hideously beautiful—tell you they have never given and will never give. Worst of all are the faces I see in the sunlight and in the darkness, the ones that I want for myself, the faces that whisper to me, tell me delightful things, promising, singing to me the saddest yet the sweetest song of all, the siren song of allure —the one that I will obey. Oh God have mercy! The one I will follow through the darkness, pursue, chase with insensibility until I have brought him to bay in my cave of love, until I have disrobed him of his rags, have spread his glorious, moonlit thighs and swallowed up my thrills —the haunting, beautiful face that, someday, will be my death!

He is out there somewhere waiting for me, in some sunny park, in some smoke-smothered lounge, lurking in the dark streets, prowling with a primitive beauty that nothing alive can equal, skirting my world, my work, my apartment, my life, waiting, waiting!

I only pray to God that when the crucial hour comes, when I see his wanton tantalizing eyes, when I am conjured by the sweep of his curling

hair, capitivated by his wild voice, his strong dark arms, surrendering as I will surrender to his coarse and manly ardour, that he will be an experienced assassin and skillful at his craft.

I pray that if he is apt with a knife he will strike clean and quick, withdrawing all my life with one stroke, rendering me helpless, useless, without a single faculty, so that I cannot for the last time get one more precious glimpse of his eyes, so reckless, so loving, of his murmuring lips, so soft, so demanding, as I am certain they will be, as they must be!

I pray that if he is an artist at strangulation or that, irrespective of whatever he employs as a weapon, a necktie, a coathanger, a piece of rope —I pray he will have the strength of Samson, that he will choke out my life, my will, my desires, the light of my soul, so that I cannot hear him whisper his last ravishing words, words I know that will be heartbreaking, fathomless lies, but lies I all the same must hear: "I love you. I love you!"

Chapter Four

As I think of all these things, living them, hating what they stand for day after day, twenty-four hours around the clock, I wonder how it is ever going to change for the better or if it is ever going to change at all.

It appears that the attack on the demonoid world is so swift, so relentless, so untiring, replenishing itself, renewing its strength as humanoids cut us from their number, that I think their power increases as our own strength and our endurance are weakened. And I wonder why this should be. I wonder why nature has abandoned us.

With frailty and misgivings in my heart, my hands tremble as I read each day in the papers of lone men being slain, strangled, knocked in the head, bodies found floating in shallow waters, in cars, in abandoned boats, in stately yachts far out in the ocean alone, and I know there must be a purpose for all this, a physical revolution in nature itself and not altogether in the inventions of man.

And I ask: why do the humanoids come to us so willingly, give us their bodies, sometimes their love and companionship, if they loathe us so outrageously? What is beneath their compromise? Is it the loathing frailty of their own lives? Is it because of their own failures that they wish to inflict failure on ours?

I ask myself too of their shortcomings, their scattered unwilliness to unite, their complete abandonment and neglect of their own kind, especially when I think of one of our demonoids who had, through love alone, made a flip-flop of his own personality just to rear a humanoid off-spring.

I felt very noble for our cause, our victorious strides when I stood that day under a shaded canopy of a shop on Royal Street in New Orleans and talked to this male demonoid, dressed now in complete female attire, perhaps the most pitiful specimen I have ever seen. He was holding

the hand of a cute little four-year-old boy, and they had just returned from the famous wax museum. They looked to me like mother and infant son, if I pretended I did not see the four o'clock beard and that rigid, masculine stance that no manner of dress or disguise can mask out of the male figure.

"I had to do something," he said looking guilty, insecure, a little frightened standing on the sidewalk in the daylight dressed as a woman. "I just couldn't abandon the child when that no good whore, that prostitute said for me to take the boy, that she didn't want him. I couldn't keep him if I remained a man. The law wouldn't allow it. So I pose as a woman—as his mother."

"Does anyone know?" I asked, feeling both pride and pity for him.

"They might. I think they do sometimes, but they don't say anything. Besides, I take good care of little Danny, and I love him. Honestly, I do love him!"

"But what about yourself?" I asked, seeing with a kind of awesome terror, his living day after day as a woman, working to make ends meet. "What about your own life? You owe yourself something."

"Danny is my life," he whispered, and there were deep lights in his eyes, longing at last fulfilled. He actually looked contented. "I had nothing to live for before he came. Now I have a

goal, like normal people. Although God, I despise normal people! Don't you?"

He said this with piercing vengence, his painted face grimacing, his hands clawing frantically at a little organdy veil which lay over his shoulders.

"I'm going to live like a woman," he went on sadly, squinting in the sunshine, not looking at the many tourists meandering around us on the narrow sidewalk. "I'm going to be a perfect mother to Danny. I'm going to outwit the straights. Fuck em all!"

"But when Danny is grown, what then?" I could not help but ask, but hating myself for asking, for tearing open his heart like a jagged wound.

He screwed up his face, wrinkled now and showing strain, and his eyes, darting away from my gaze quickly, as if seeing something beyond my vision, blinked shiny tears.

"I'll think about that when the time comes," he answered dryly, his painted lips pinched, determined, catching his breath as though a sharp pain stabbed his side, as though, in his fixed gaze he saw and read his doom and it pained him unmercifully to see it.

He said goodbye, beckoned to the child, and continued down the street. I stood for a moment on the corner and watched him until he disappeared in the motley throng of tourists. When he

thought he was out of my sight, he lifted his chin, squared his shoulders, and that one gesture went to my heart.

I think too of other extremes, and what they compel. I think of one of the most brazen displays of demonoidism I have ever witnessed: a gaudy, dizzy negro queen. It was during one of the civil rights marches. White National Guardsmen, their rifles at trail, were standing shoulder to shoulder along a quarter mile paved stretch along which the marchers would approach. This queen, this flagrant queen, as black as the ace of spades, diked out in pale mint green capris, sandals, a Tom Jones shirt, hip-swayed it the full length of the ranks, directly affronting the line of servicemen, his pastel-colored umbrella swinging merrily, his glistening bracelets jangling. He never faltered once during that quarter mile stretch, never slowed his gyrating swish, alone, defenseless ... yet bravely defying the degradation of two hundred white "normal" men.

This took a special kind of courage, one I cannot forget, ever.

I think too of the mulitated ones, the gravely unhappy ones, the persecuted ones, sometimes persecuted to deaths: of the young "queer" soldier pushed from a thirty-story window, of an old queen strangled by a dog leash, of an asthma victim robbed and left on a cold beach naked to

die of asphyxiation, of a young kid raped b
foreign dockhands and found on the wharf bleed
ing internally, of a young lawyer who tool
poison through fear of public disgrace, of many
many beatings, and robbery, cars stolen an
never claimed, apartments broken into and plun
dered but never reported to the police. I think o
little Harris who cried to me pitifully one night
"I was happy until I told Mama and Daddy
Now, I'm miserable." And of Albert: "I don'
give a damn what they think about me. I jus
don't care. But I've got to act right on th
account of my parents. They're respectable!
And of Jesse who confessed; "I'd have a se
change in a minute, if I could afford the opera
tion." And of Jimmie: "It's a rotten life and I'm
getting out. The straights hate us and they al
ways will." And of Toby who terrified us with hi
awesome prophecy: "Someday they're going t
mass us and drive us into the ocean, or put us i
gas chambers, or burn us like the Germans di
the Jews."

And as I think of all these horrid, heartbreak
ing things, gored by fears and hallucinations, th
outcome of my future, I know they are out ther
in the darkness, massing into one vast, over
whelming army, eager to drive us into oblivion!

Could it be then—is there coming a total an
wholly consuming change? A change affecting a
mankind? Are we now, the humanoid and th

demonoid having been separated aeons ago by our natural desires, are we really experimental patterns of response in the struggle to survive and grow? And in this blind groping, like the rebellion of the humanoid with the demonoid, yet correlating sexually by hit and miss impulses, do we constitute a forerunner, a harbinger of man that is to be?

It could well be that. Perhaps we of today are but the very humble form of the hero which is to be, the man of the future. Perhaps the humanoid and the demonoid are but separate intermediate models intended by nature to join someday, and from this mutual, physical joining, the true, final man will come.

If this is true we cannot say that man—the final man—has appeared. But we can say that through his long and seemingly endless conflict he has moved up within the range of our obtuse perceptions and that now, in his long journey up from the slime, the forms of man categorized by their sexual desires, are at last merging, and that both sexes, are merging equally until female genes and males genes will fail to give distinction of themselves.

Perhaps nature, more now than during the primitive stages, is prolific and extravagant and has depended not on the careful nurture of a chosen seed but on the experimental planting of everything in her enormous womb. She would

produce both mates and monsters, the humanoids and the demonoids and in time they would fight it out to the triumph of the some and the extermination of the others. And out of the millions of freaks, among all the eccentric and the so-called normal and the doomed. Some would emerge ultimately —endowed with the precious heritage of perfection—the human who will be the final man, neither male nor female, but partaking of both.

This to me seems the law of life: One feels the need of an organ or a faculty and if the urge is constant and prolonged, then man must change. Indeed, he *is* changing! He is changing because perfection begets a lazy indifference to growth and peace and most of all to change. Nature abhors peace, and that is why man is in constant conflicts today. He is battling for the survival of his physical form. In man's rebellion against the demonoid, which actually means he is rebelling against the female, he is merging into a complacent plateau of evolution. It is no longer essential nor even desirable that he manifest manly qualities, so he is in conflict with what his ancestors abhorred. He is shedding away physical might, masculine dominance, and male powers to make room for the new form, discarding the faculties he no longer finds useful or desirable. He feels he has reached the summit of his perfection, and nature, who always destroys perfection

in any given species, will destroy his image: the male man will go to make room for the less-masculine man who will be spawned in the future.

The meek shall inherit the earth, and this was never truer than it is today. The demonoid is regarded as meek, and this meekness is played upon time and time again without reprisal. The demonoid is made the butt of ridicule because of it, and is exiled from humanoid society for the same reason.

He is meek because the world, through conflict and useless torture, has made him meek. But through this meekness is evident a nimbleness and cunning, and above all else patience and courage. This has already been proved.

We find substantiation of this in the oldest of histories.

Long ago, aeons ago, two great clans of the earth's people were divided. They were the predators who ate only flesh and spent most of their waking hours stalking, killing, and eating other creatures, and there were the more timid beasts who fed on the plants. From one of these clans, man was to come. It was intelligence, the ability to detect and avoid these predators, that came from the leaf eaters who daily fled for their lives. Between these two somewhere, with courage and fear mating and assisting each other, was the golden mean which nature sought and still seeks. Man is still struggling, one side with fangs and

talons, the other with nimble feet, courage, and cunning. Between them, feeling the emotions of both and hating both for these emotions but unconsciously melding in nature's purpose and plan, will be the man who will take the middle road into the future. He will take that road resembling both the humanoid and the demonoid, not exactly like either nor like the females, but of the form of which, perhaps, we have already been given a brief glimpse. What man has termed as freaks among the demonoids for untold generations are no more than counterparts of his finished form. The demonoid is a separate but highly essential connection which through convulsive zig-zagging over the future generations will enact his promised role and fulfill his destined purpose on earth. His strangeness is but contribution to the final race of man. He has a definite purpose for existing, established aeons ago, and today he is fulfilling that purpose.

He is winning, not through conquering, but through infiltration. He is serving his purpose, and he is doing it well: like the man in New Orleans turned woman in order that a child might be reared with love, in the undaunted courage of the flagrant negro queen, in the thousands more who are filtering through the land, and through them is our promised view of man that is to be.

Already we see man as if only in a dream. Man

himself is creating, shaping his picture. A glimpse here, a preview there, like the fleeting images on a moving picture screen, not always in chonological order but there nevertheless if we care to look. We can see him sitting beside quiet streams, flowers in his long hair, dreaming unconsciously of man to come. We see him gathering his forces, like herds gathering their sheep, and a herald is in our land. Like the devoted John the Baptist telling of the coming of Jesus, so do we hear voices in the wilderness.

* * *

So, this could well be the ending of the story of the humanoid and the demonoid. Or is this only the beginning?

Is there yet hope, fulfillment?

I think there is. Nature, the most thorough of all teachers, tells us so. Great things are in store for us. As forces gather, as urges grow, we surge onward to that golden plateau of the new man, a plateau floored with our bones.

Remember nature's first perfect creature, her first child of great promise—the shark. Like the humanoid today who had no faculties for which he feels no need and has no urge to acquire them, the shark spent his time in idleness and gluttony. Like the humanoid, at the height of his glory, his own unparalleled and invincible posi-

tion sentenced him to death. Other creatures, meanwhile, like those he ate and terrorized (like the present demonoids) were not satisfied. In the killer's tyranny lies the demonoid's strength. Danger, as there is today, fosters the urge to growth. And nature, observing the folly of her first favorites, leaves them—the shark and the humanoid—to degenerate and perish, giving her interest to the successors—the demonoids and their wide-awake strivings.

In Conclusion

If we are to say that the status quo of the humanoid and the demonoid will always remain the same, that man, within every race, had reached his final state, then we must also say that this is the ending of all social and physical evolution.

We cannot declare this, with any logical reasoning. So we must say, without prejudice, that man has not yet become static, that he will go on and on through the process of evolution, undergoing physical and mental changes.

Man is not what he was in the beginning. He is, however, an extension of what he was in the beginning. Once a tail extended from the base of his spine, which in modern times has diminished. Once he had vital use for an appendix. Now this is vestigial and many individuals are born without an appendix.

This is the law of life, if an organ or a faculty is needed it will evolve if the biological pressure is constant and prolonged.

Man masters his environment, and achieves his physical potential. If, in his environment, he finds no use for some organ of his body, then nature will atrophy that organ and likewise nature will add a new member, if a new function is required.

I fully believe the male is evolving toward the semblance of the female and the female is becoming more like the male. Not that I am declaring that the male will act effeminate and the female act masculine: quite the contrary.

No better example of this can be shown than that of the pigmy tribes of Africa. Males and females cannot be told apart visibly, except by the breasts. These people have no well-defined roles to play. They have no heroes, therefore there is nothing before them to set an example. There are no symbols of precedents for the separation of the male and female image, so they have merged.

Today, with our country divided into so many sects and tribal groups, with civil strife on the increase, the hero is fast vanishing. Youth of today does not indulge in hero-worship as earlier generations did. Therefore it is not necessary for him to emulate the masculine hero before his contemporaries.

Without this image before the young modern male, the female is not expected to adore the hero image in her selected spouse or mate, to defer to it, so she realizes her physical and mental potential for matching wits and ambitions with him. She has become his equal. She has come forward to match his skills—or has he fallen back to meet hers? There is a physical compromise. In their style of dress, one is blending with the other and the image of male and female is no longer clear-cut as it becomes unnecessary.

I do not believe that the clothes styles of today, the long hair on youths, the masculine attire on girls is, as so many people think, no more than a passing fad.

It is more than this, much more. It is the beginning, or rather, the end of the beginning of an actual physical change in humans. Though we see but bits and glimpses of this development we can infer much, if we care to read and to listen to the mass-communications media.

While this is taking place, while nature is

working with her flesh material in her great laboratory, man himself, mentally and physically, is working with her toward an image of each human being as an individual rather than a prototype of a masculine or feminine role.

Which brings me to the most challenging question, what will be the final outcome? As yet there is no answer, there can be no answer. For man does not possess the foresight to glimpse far into the future. But it is there awaiting us, the final human, the final outcome of our physical and social evolution.

As for the homosexuals of this country, and the rest of the world, what is their place in this great caldron of evolution? What part are they to play in the changes that will take place in future centuries? Do they have a part in the process of evolution?

I believe they do. I believe that if they did not have a part, in the scheme of things, they would never have existed. Perhaps they will play an even greater part than most homosexuals themselves believe. As yet, their purpose for existing has not been exactly defined and shelved with an accepted label. But they could well be that missing link.

As male and female have copulated over hundreds of centuries, producing offspring, almost four out of ten births have been infants

who displayed homosexual tendencies later in life!

Yet, despite this vast multitude, society still regards them as misfits, immoral and unfit to live among decent citizens.

But if the homosexual were really as unfit as society brands him to be, nature, certainly, would not have produced so many of them. The strain would have fallen by the wayside and today, when humanity has reached an advanced state both physically and mentally, the homosexual would be non-existent.

Actually, the homosexual thrives like the green bay tree because he belongs. He is a part of the scheme of nature, an element tossed into the enormous cauldron, and mixed to form the final man who is to come.

*

Having known homosexuals all my life, I sincerely say that I can find no more difference in them than the difference in the color of a man's hair, his eyes, his build. The homosexual is a natural man in every respect: his one slight difference is that he is attracted toward other men. His sex life is actually a very small percentage of his life and an individual may have numerous worthwhile qualities which make him an asset to his community and family.

It seems ironic and basically unfair that one man should pass judgment on the sexual habits of another man, even those of a close friend. Why should we praise or condemn a man on the basis of his sex life alone, without regard to all the other worthwhile qualities, such as strength, talent, versatility, personality?

Today's great cities are aggregations of strangers, passing each other in traffic, at work in stores and restaurants and theaters without recognition. Social functions consist of little clannish groups gathered here and there, each independent of itself, intruding only on the other when of the utmost necessity. Why, then should a man's sex habits play such an important role? Why should this alone be a gauge to determine whether a man is to be accepted or exiled?

It should not be. Yet, surprisingly, it is. A man may be a complete success in his chosen vocation. He may have talent, ambition, a beguiling personality, social breeding, and culture ... and yet all these qualities will not make him socially acceptable if he happens to be a homosexua..

That one word, that one accusation, tumbles all his merits into the gutter, and the ugly word is like a brand which he must bear, carrying it constantly throughout his life like a tattoo on his forehead, a scarlet letter. With this against his success in life, he must have even greater deter-

mination than other men with equal talents, to excel in his profession.

No wonder the homosexual, over the years, schools himself to a greater capacity for patience, endurance, fortitude and silence!

The homosexual is a homosexual from birth. He is not made by environment as so many people think. He has no choice of being either homosexual or straight, and he must wear the hair shirt from birth to the grave. He may be clever, he may be discreet, he may even PASS as a straight, but in spite of all this, he is in constant danger of exposure which will make him the butt of suspicion, of ridicule, and hate.

The homosexual must face all the other obstacles in life his straight brother faces, while wearing his shameful brand. And he must do it with the humility the straight demands of him, so that he will, at least to some degree, become accepted.

He must put up a front, that he must live twenty four hours a day in the straight, world, living the straight man's life ... and not his own.... Over a period of time, he develops a fortitude that is amazing.

To give the reader a comparison: take a fully developed man, and make him live as a woman, wearing female attire, carrying out every aspect of the female role in society. The homosexual is

forced in a similar way to take a part he is unwilling to play.

He is forced to live, not his own life, not his convictions, but according to those thrust on him by his straight brother. Being outnumbered, in a minority, he is subjected to continuous torture, day after day, week after week, year after year, for his entire adult life. Along the way he is constantly reminded of his inferiority. If he steps out of line, if he falters, if he errs, or, even if he doesn't, the blame can easily, without pangs of conscience, be shifted to his shoulders since he *is* a homosexual. Because of that, and for no other reason, he can be and is accused, and must pay the price whether right or wrong.

* * *

Once I knew a homosexual who was as much or more of a man as anyone I have ever met. His one flaw, if it can be termed a flaw, was that he admired robust males. He loathed anything effeminate, and never catered to pretty boys or the muscle-men who display their physiques in public to show off their alleged manliness.

My friend had breeding, talent, personality. He dressed extremely well, and was a great success in his business. By chance he met a young man of about twenty seven, good-looking in a rugged sense, hard of body, intelligent. Because

this young man had nothing, was down on his luck, this older man lifted him up, bought him clothes, gave him money, helped him to complete his education, and went out of his way to find him a steady job.

They hit it off well together but to see them together one would never suspect their homosexual relationship. The younger man had been married, but was not living with his wife. He was not happy, and drank because of this unhappiness, but he would not approach his former wife in an attempt at reconciliation. The homosexual, feeling for the younger man went to the wife and persuaded her to rejoin her husband. Thereafter the three were together constantly: the wife, the male mistress and the robust bi-sexual ... a forecast of what may be on the way in the future.

They made a trip together. The young man drove the sponsor's car. In the course of the trip the car overturned, and was completely wrecked. Before the highway officers could arrive, the younger man insisted that the older one tell the officers that he was driving his own car. The homosexual, for fear of exposure, took the full blame, only to learn later that the boy had a long police record, and had served a term in prison.

Had not this man been a homosexual, it is doubtful that the boy would have applied such threats, or used him so ruthlessly. But because

he was a homosexual, the boy felt that he was within his rights to shift the blame without a sense of guilt or pangs of conscience.

This is only one example: there are hundreds of other instances where homosexuals have been victimized. I doubt if there is one homosexual today who has not, at some time or another, been treated unfairly. In this case, the young man immediately dropped relations with the homosexual, returned to his wife, and later sued for damages because of the accident he himself had caused. The generous benefactor was hurt, wounded and enraged, of course. He had had sexual relations with the younger man, who had succumbed at his own desire, and was mature, of age. Through innocent goodness and love, he had made the mistake of going out of his way both socially and financially to lift the love of his choice into a better, cleaner world. Alone, degraded, humiliated, he suffers now. He will have to pick up the broken pieces of his life, mend them as best he can . . .

If I began to list the abuses to which homosexuals have been subjected, even in this city where I live, it would require volumes. Apartments have been shattered and plundered, fine works of art have been destroyed out of deliberate vandalism, men have been knifed, strangled with neckties, left to freeze naked on lonely beaches.

Others have been roped and drowned in swamps and bayous. Men have been ruined, their families have been broken up, their cars, clothes, money and jewels, have been stolen. Not because these homosexuals had made improper advances, but merely because they were homosexual.

That alone opens wide the doors for ridicule and threat, physical harm, and even murder. The worst of it is that the public accepts these acts of prejucide. They shrug. They withdraw to silence. They whisper the words queer and fairy and homo.

* * *

As one homosexual said, "I think it is just as wrong for a man to stand on a street corner and pick up a young, innocent girl as for one to stand on a street corner and pick up a young, innocent boy. Both are equally sinful in the eyes of God."

And another: "If the straights can't make it together, man and woman, how do they expect it of the gays? They say our loves are only fleeting episodes. What about theirs? Honestly, of all the straights I know, I don't know one couple who is happily married."

And another: "The straights are always stepping out on each other. They don't have any idea what the word, monogamous means. I know a

couple of lesbians who have lived together for years, no one could be any happier than they are."

A third remarked, "I was born gay, and that's that. I didn't ask to be born this way. But, since I *am* this way I don't want to change. I love my life, homo or not, I love it. And that is more than I can say for the straights ... they are always counting a long string of worry beads."

A fourth adds, "I wouldn't change my sex life either, not if they gave me a million dollars. Nobody makes my living but me, and I'll do as I damn please."

Surgical intervention to alter the sex organs is not universally regarded as a solution to the problem. As a fifth homosexual I questioned put it, "If I thought a medical sex change would make me happier I would have it done. But why change into a straight? They're more mixed up and unhappier than we are. Whats wrong with a man wanting a man? They don't do any more in bed than married couples, sixty nines and all that. What's the harm? If they enjoy it, and are of age, who should care? It's nobody else's business! I wouldn't resort to wearing women's clothes, I wouldn't go that far. But being a masculine homosexual has its advantages. Honestly, I think some straight men secretly envy me."

The emotional attachments formed between

homosexuals are probably the most difficult thing for the heterosexual to understand. As one homosexual I know put it, "There is a powerful force between two real men in love. It is a beautiful, provocative thing to behold. There is only one drawback. When two real he-men go to bed together it pulls at their mentality in some unnatural way, and they lose their logic, their reasoning powers. I think that is why masculine men often foul up, losing their logic over some stud. They get to where they can't think anymore, as if they were on drugs. Masculine love is a drug, in a sense. It causes a kind of hypnotic trance, and they both live in this trance until they break up. Frankly, I don't like falling in love with a man, give me the one night stands. It's less wear and tear on the nerves."

Other homosexuals take the opposite view. As one put it, "Queer love is hard, even among two masculine homos. It is the hardest life there is, but I wouldn't exchange it for the world."

But another replied, "Life is what you make it they say, but that does not apply to the gays. Rather, life is what the studs make it, for we inevitably go along with their nellie whims, and ruin our lives in the bargain. That is the only thing I loathe about being gay, having to copulate with punks. Punks are getting too wise these days. They know everything about the gays be-

fore they reach the ninth grade. It's their parent's fault, of course, filling their little brains with a lot of nonsense about us, like we were immoral or something. Frankly, I wouldn't touch a punk with a ten foot pole. Nothing but trouble. You're asking for it if you fool with one of them. Parents have been feeding them poison. If the parents would keep their traps shut, those boys would grow up naturally, like when I was a kid, and would learn about the gays in good time. They are more broad-minded and up to date in Italy. Parents expect and even encourage their young sons to have relations with an older man, for they consider this helps to prepare them sexually for marriage later."

Besides with these opinions from homosexuals I have listened, to my own distress, to gross remarks made by supposedly mature straights.

"They should take a buldozer and shove all of them fruits into the ocean and drown them like rats."

"They ought to put them in concentration camps so they can all have sex orgies as they please ... with each other ... and leave us straight guys alone."

"The government ought to set up a fleet and ship them all to some south Pacific island ... let them die out."

"Why can't the government form an army of

them, call them the queens' brigade or something . . . ha! ha!"

"Bomb them with an atomic bomb!"

"Oh, they're all right, until they get to pawing me, then I want to knock the shit out of them."

"There's one in every bar. Gives me the creeps."

"Who in the hell would want another man, when there's so many good looking chicks around?"

"If only them creeps didn't wear makeup!"

"I met one one time in a bar. We got to talking, see, joking that is, and I made the casual remark that he was pulling my leg. And do you know what he said? He said, 'I'd looooove to pull your leg, honey'."

"Why don't they have bars of their own, and stay out of the straight joints?"

A woman added, "There's one living next door, imagine, a bachelor. Right in sight of my Billy and Tony. Its positively disgusting. I think it's a disgrace. Why doesn't the law do something about it? Men like THAT shouldn't be allowed to live in the same neighborhood with decent people. He asks to use my pool every day, and how can I refuse, when I let the other neighbors use it? I wish he'd move, or die, or something. But my husband likes him, imagine! Sometimes I think he is being influenced by this . . . this odd person."

"It's a good thing they can't breed. If they could, there would be millions of them, for all they think about is sex."

"These people seem to miss out on so much. They live only half lives. In a way I feel sorry for them, no wife, no children. They look so lonely. They're misplaced."

"Isn't there some medical treatment they could take? It seems a shame they're so useless. Isn't there something they could do?"

"My son said the other day, a man, you know, one of them, picked him up at school and drove him home, and that he put his hand on his leg. Do you think I should call the police?"

"They'll be marching on Washington next!"

"Is it true that they want to raise another man's child?"

"Can you imagine! A man wearing women's clothes!"

"Just . . . what do they do . . . in bed? Sounds so repulsive."

"I think my husband is turning into one of them. I'd die if he did. I'd never be able to face my folks. What would my brothers think, their sister married to a queer?"

"I wouldn't hire one if I went bankrupt," one employer declared, "They're not dependable. Work one day off the next. They're a security risk . . . blackmail, that sort of thing. Don't hire them, then you won't have to fire them."

"One of them rented a room from me. But, you know, he was really nice, not at all like I thought a queer would be."

"Well, I guess they *are* human. But I've never took the time to find out."

"They don't believe in God!"

"I think its a shame that the minister allows them in church."

"He teaches the sixth grade, and we are trying to get up a petition to throw him out."

"One sat next to me in a movie. I got up and moved."

"Vote him into the scout council? You must think I'm crazy."

"No, we don't allow membership cards to homos in the country club, exclusively for men ... I mean MEN!"

"Imagine dancing with a queer, like dancing with another woman."

"Speaking of women. See that girl over there? Why is she dressed like a man?"

"This girl was my room mate at college. She liked me too much, cried when I got married."

"I just can't respect them. I don't know why, guess they're as good as the next guy, but I can't respect them."

"We ought to form a posse, chase all them fruits out of town."

"The government ought to exterminate them, like Hitler gassed the Jews."

And so on and on, endlessly.

* * *

The straight, born that way through no choice of his own will, must make his way in the world on whatever potential nature has bestowed upon him. He, too, has his struggles, his goal, his secret ambitions. He is expected, by society's unwritten rules, to marry, have children, send them to the best schools, attend the church of his choice. He, too, has his obligations and his petty grieviences. He must cater to his boss or get along with his employees, maintain a reputation, be a good bread-winner, upgrade his status in the community, and broaden his horizons, regardless of his inner emotions and the strain of the hectic work-a-day world.

Many of the straights, who have to work side by side with a monosexual, would rather let it go at that, accept him, laugh, joke, be friends, treating him the same as another straight working partner. Some straights really don't care, provided the homosexual acts like anyone else during working hours. He might even be invited home for a meal, or to play cards, or golf, if ... and this is a big IF ... it were not for the more outspoken prejudices of straight friends, their ridicule, which makes a more tolerant straight

hesitate to become "familiar" with a homosexual, even a masculine homosexual.

I have witnessed this repeatedly in business. I have heard a man invite a homosexual fellow-employee to his home, to meet his wife, and children, and then automatically freeze when an other employee gave him the warning sign. I have seen new employees innocently strike up friendships with known homosexuals, then cool when they were later taken aside and given the inside dope.

I have studied men since I was old enough to distinguish their differences, and they have many differences. But I have come up with the conclusion that, all the catagories, have one thing in common: if they could be teamed with a homosexual secretly without their fellow straights knowing about it they would gladly fraternize with him. Those who say they hate homosexuals the most are no exception.

In fact, men who steer clear of those they suspect of homosexuality, are often men who are fearful of revealing their true natures. Handsome men as a rule, avoid homosexuals because they are trying to prove to women that they are real men and dare not be seen in the company of a homosexual.

But highly intelligent men are usually tolerant of the homosexual, and sometimes become fast friends with homosexuals, without intimacy.

Manual laborers usually accept them as they are. The more truly masculine the male is the less he is concerned with the maleness of another. Men basically friendly are as friendly to homosexuals as they are to fellow straights.

Artists, writers, actors, often find them fascinating, since men of the arts frequently have these tendencies themselves.

Athletes not only tolerate them but they find them acceptable company, for they have a weakness for praise or flattery, and homosexuals are usually adept at this.

The police, lawyers, ministers, rabbis and priests are usually more understanding than the majority of homosexuals expect.

But, curiously enough, homosexuals themselves are often malicious to other homosexuals.

They publicly degrade other homosexuals, especially if they have the same employer. Homosexuals will often try to lure each others' mates, if for no other reason that to prove the wit and charm, they imagine they possess.

* * *

But the curx of the matter is that both straights and homoxesuals are blameless and should not be blamed for what they are. Both are human, and the sooner they explore their differences, the sooner they will discover that they are basically the same.

"I find them witty and charming, intelligent and courageous," one woman said to me. "They are patient, kind to a fault, and tolerant of others. I have yet to meet an unkind homosexual, one that children do not love. There is a certain wonderful warmth about them, a spontaneous ardor you cannot critize or condemn. The straight should ignore completely their sex deviation and think of them simply as people. If we can do this, we will be surprised by the beautiful reality that lies beneath."

"Their reactions can be wonderful and fascinating," another woman who has an art gallery said to me. "Who cares what they do in bed? Who cares what men and women do in bed for that matter? That always seems deplorable to me, wondering what people do in bed. My friends are my friends because I find them stimulating mentally, I am interested in their talents, what makes them tick, I don't think their private lives are my business."

One boy, who made me realize the broadmindedness of modern youth, echoed those sentiments. He was standing near the jukebox in a lounge frequented by homosexuals. He was clad only in faded jeans, his chest was bare, he was barefoot, and unwashed. I asked him why he dressed like that in a public place. His answer was: "I don't ask *you* any questions."

And that is as it should be. Don't ask any questions. People should live and let live, tolerating and accepting, trying to understand. Perhaps all men in time will compromise and live as modern, intelligent human beings.

Then, as nature surely intends, people will merge, not as males distinctly, not as females distinctly, but as a combination of both. Only then, when man finds in others the same capacity for both masculine and feminine qualities of which he himself is possessed, will the homosexual turn from his love of his own sex to the love of his own sex to the love of the opposite sex. As long as homosexuality is considered unorthodox some men will seek it out. As long as we have these clear-cut differentiations between the sexes strange rhythms will flow through us, will make themselves known, will lure others.

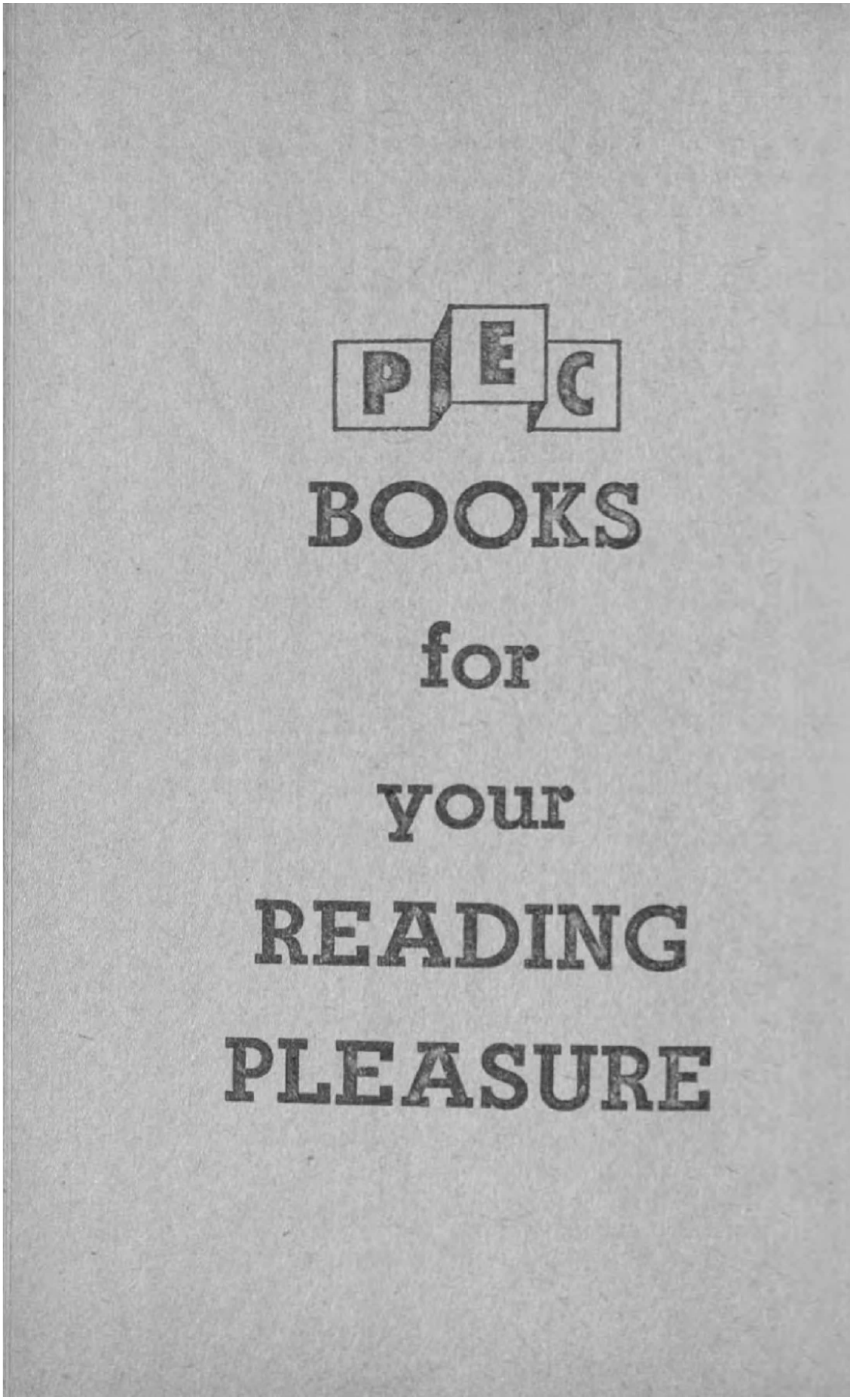
It is not morally wrong that a man is a homosexual, but the manner in which he conducts himself is important at our level of society. And that applies to all men, heterosexual or otherwise.

To the pure in heart all things are pure. All men have a natural capacity for passion. It is up to each of us to curb our passions, to level them out on a acceptable and tolerable plane.

Sex is like water in a cup. It shapes itself to the vessel that contains it. And it is in the hope that human beings will eventually understand

each other, that I, one of the misunderstood ones, cry out in the wilderness.

The End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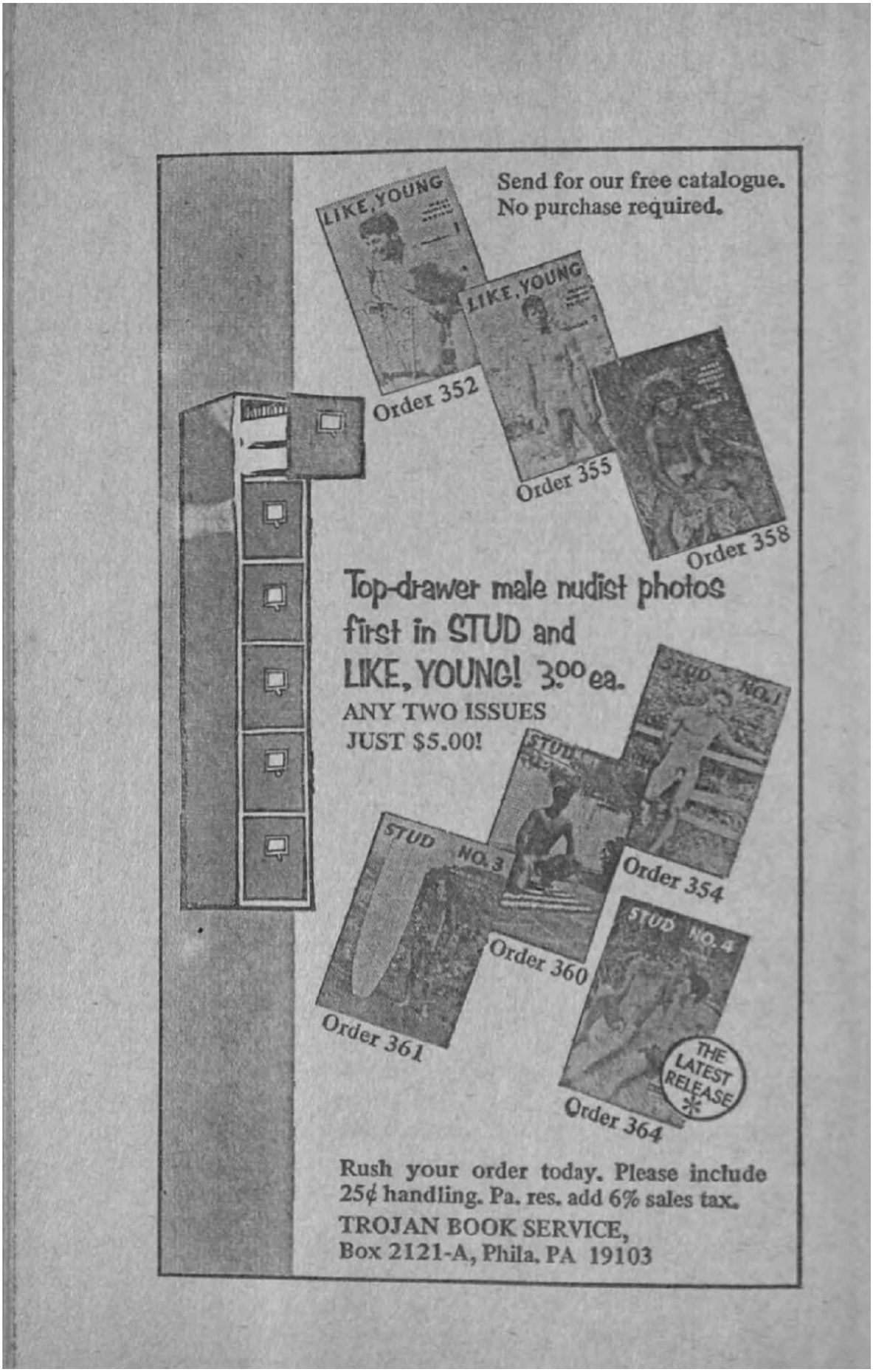
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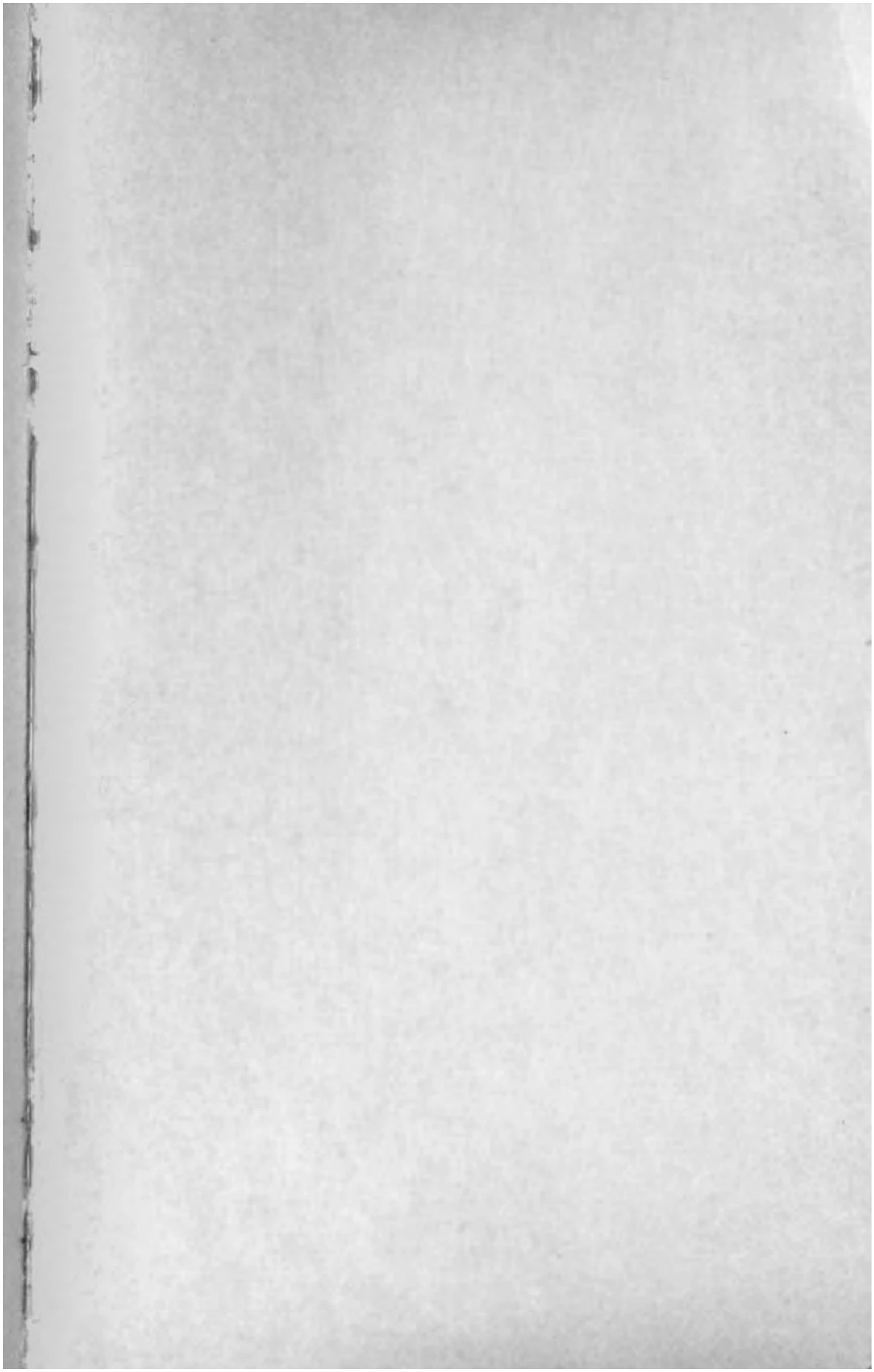

"The homosexual, being what he is by no will of his own, by no wisdom or ignorance that is his, lives in the feeble hope that he can — among the normals — find his meaning and his destiny, or there will be only the folly and futility of his existence among the seemingly endless hordes of his own kind. He seeks bliss in a lifelong search and, in finding it, finds holy terror. There is no greater persecution known to man than this. He is sick — yes — but that sickness derives, not from being a homosexual, but from being constantly harrassed by his normal brother."

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